WITHIN

THOUGHTS DURING CONVALESCENCE

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

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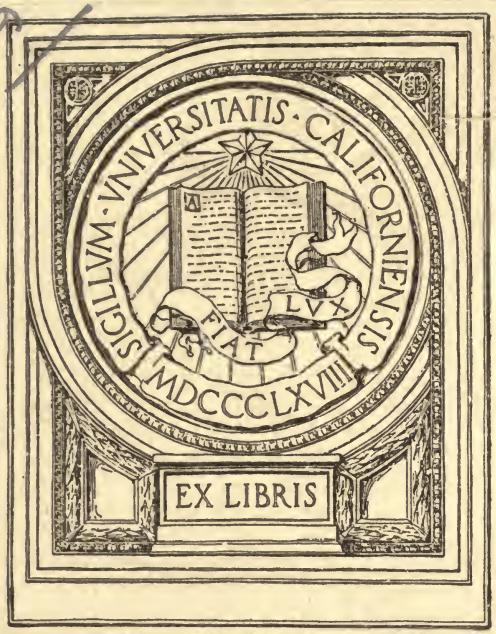
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THOUGHTS DURING CONVALESCENCE

BY

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

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"The Kingdom of God is within you"

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WITHIN

SUFFERING

Last year I was walking with a companion down one of those long straight roads so characteristic of the Continent. We were returning from an aviation meeting along with a number of other pedestrians and several motor-cars ; and were out in the country, about three miles from a town. There was no pavement, so we had to walk in the roadway. Suddenly my companion shouted "Look out !" He was looking over his shoulder behind him. I looked back too. A motor was right on to me. There was no time to think what to do. I could only give a desperate spring in the air, I suppose in some vague effort to escape being crushed under the wheels. Then came the crash. I seemed to be whirling in a wild struggle with the machine. With arms and legs I fought instinctively to free myself ; and all in darkness, for as the crash came I suppose I must have closed my eyes.

Was it to be death? It seemed it must be. The machine was too relentless, too impossible to struggle against. And if death had resulted it would have been absolutely painless, for no pain had yet come. There would have been simply extinction, without suffering and without thought. I would just have been obliterated, like a moth in the candle or the caterpillar beneath our feet, and suffered as little. In an instant the full current of life with all its unfulfilled purposes and ties of love and affection would have been brought to a stop. But I myself would have felt as little as an electric lamp when the current is switched off. The light would have gone out but there would have been no pain.

But it was not to be death. I was just flung contemptuously to the far edge of the road, and there I sat dazed but conscious, still without pain but aware that a serious accident had happened, and fearful of the shock it would give those most dear to me. In a stunned way I gazed at the collecting crowd, at the motor-car, at the scared faces of the ladies inside, at the gendarmes taking notes. But I was unaware where or how I was hurt or whether I was hurt at all. Then I heard my companion murmur to himself "broken leg," and I saw that my left leg was curled up under me. I suffered nothing, and my feelings at

the moment was one of comfort at being able to sit cross-legged so easily, for my leg felt elastic and soft as putty. I saw though that it was the case that my leg was broken, and I vaguely wondered what other injury I might have suffered.

A crowd collected round. Strong arms lifted me into the motor-car that had knocked me over. And I was placed across the car, with my sound leg resting on the seat and my injured limb held by hand. Unfortunately no temporary splint was made, and during the drive back—the last mile over Continental cobble-stones—the jars were terrible, for now the pain was *beginning*, and I winced at each fresh bump the motor made and the broken edges of the bones jarred one upon another.

By an unfortunate chance, as I was being carried up the stairs at the hotel I met my wife coming down. I was quite alert and conscious and had been able to discuss what should be done with me. But my head and hands were covered with blood and dirt ; my clothes were torn ; and I was deadly pale. No wonder I caused her a terrible shock. I tried to assure her that I was not seriously hurt. But it was impossible for her not to fear the worst ; and on this and many occasions afterwards the distress my sufferings caused those most dear to me were an additional pain to myself. We love

sympathy; but sometimes we would like our actual suffering to be hid from those it hurts, and to crawl away and hide alone.

I was laid on a bed, and then, indeed, when the first shock of the accident and the excitement of the whole thing was over, and I was lying still and quiet, my sufferings became every moment more acute. There was no good surgeon in the place, and it was necessary to telephone for one from a distant town. Three terrible hours I had to wait in suspense for his arrival. The pain in my leg and foot increased, and increased. Each time a motor-car drove up to the hotel my wife dashed to the window to see if it was the surgeon. But time after time we were disappointed. And the intervals between the quarter-hour chimes of a neighbouring church clock seemed interminably long.

At last the surgeon arrived, and two other doctors. Busy preparations were made. A wooden table was produced and I was placed upon it. A doctor felt my pulse, and asked what my age was and whether I had any false teeth. Then chloroform was administered. Something was held over my mouth and nose, and I was told to breathe hard. A drumming and buzzing in the ears came on. I seemed to be being carried away. I wanted to clutch at some-

thing to save myself. But I had to let myself go. Swifter and swifter I was swept along. The pace grew quicker and quicker, the voices about me fainter and fainter. All control passed from me and I was carried right away, beyond everything, far away into oblivion. I am told that while unconscious I shouted with laughter, thus adding to the agonies of my wife, who for the next six months was never far distant from me. But the first thing I myself remember was the voices returning again. "What good muscles!" "Luckily he is in first-rate health." I was afraid I was coming to before the operation was over. But gradually things became clearer and clearer. I was able soon to open my eyes, and then I found myself back in bed dazed and sickly and with my leg in thick bandages.

I was weak and limp, and the strong spirit to fight the pain had been enervated by the chloroform. I was thankful the doctor's work was over as I felt only half the man I had been before. But I was told that they had not yet been able to do more than put the leg in a splint, and that on the morrow I should have to be moved for the real operation to a sanatorium in the surgeon's town.

Now I had to face the night. The pain came on once more with ever-increasing intensity.

Both bones of my leg had been broken and were sticking through the flesh. Though it was not discovered till long after, two bones in my foot were also broken. Tendons, muscles, and nerves were also torn, and I had a deep flesh wound on the opposite knee, and my knuckles and side of my forehead were scraped from my being hurled along the road. Not a wink of sleep came to me. I was aching to move and writhe, to turn on one side or on the other. But I was held in one position by my leg in its splint; and as the hours wore on a new pain appeared. The back of my heel seemed inflamed and I found it was tied tightly down on the splint with no padding whatever between it and the hard wood. This was trying but not serious. A more grave matter was the increasing size of the red patch in the bandages over the wound, showing it was bleeding badly. All my lower leg seemed a tangle of aches and shooting pains and twinges, while some bone in my foot seemed broken and sticking with a sharp edge into the flesh. All these pains I had to bear in a motionless attitude, while I thought over the words of the doctor that "they might yet save my leg"—thereby implying that there was a considerable chance of losing it. The night is always the most trying time. The stillness, the absence of the activity of the daytime,

all seem to make the pains more active and intense. They throb and sting and smart in the quiet of night as they never do in the daytime. And though this was, as a fact, the shortest night in the year, the hours seemed to drag on and on, and I thought the day would never come.

With the morning I had to face removal to a town a dozen miles away, and a serious operation at the end of the journey. I was carried downstairs on a stretcher, but no proper travelling ambulance was available, and the stretcher had to be tied to the top of an open motor-car. In this none too safe arrangement I was driven away. Till then I had never realised how much cobble-stones are used abroad. Every village on the way was paved with them. And each bump sent a fresh twinge through my poor leg.

By midday we reached the sanatorium, a kind of nursing-home kept by nuns. I was carried upstairs, and then, with a sigh of relief, I lay back on the operating-table and almost welcomed the operation which would not, I knew, end my suffering, but which would, I hoped, put me on the road to recovery. Again chloroform was applied. Again came the terrible buzzing and whirring in my head. But I willingly resigned myself to its influence and was soon once more in oblivion.

When I came to I was in bed and utterly exhausted. I had had the fearful shock of the accident itself. I had had two doses of chloroform and one setting of the leg, and one operation, all within twenty hours. I had lost a very great deal of blood; I had had no sleep; and I had had an exhausting drive. I felt almost completely at the end of my power of endurance. Yet on account of the chloroform I was allowed no stimulant and no food. All the horrid effects which follow the administration of chloroform came on — the nauseous taste in the mouth, the sickly smell in the nostrils. I seemed to breathe and smell nothing but the sickening fumes of the anæsthetic. And the pain, too, now made itself evident again as consciousness fully returned—a dull heavy pain, made up of multitudinous, interwoven aches and twinges, and never ceasing for the minutest fraction of a second.

By night some stimulant and food was allowed me, morphia was injected, and I got some kind of heavy sleep at intervals. But in the morning came the ordeal of the first dressing of the wound. My leg had been put into plaster-of-Paris—a not very wise thing to do in the case of a compound fracture. A "window" had now to be cut to allow of the wound being dressed. The hard plaster had to be dug into and cut with a sharp

knife; and with my nerves weakened as they were I had a sickening dread lest the point of the knife should pierce into the wound. Then the dressing had to be removed, the wound probed and dressed afresh. Foreign surgeons are not so considerate and careful to avoid giving the patient pain as are English surgeons, and the pain that first dressing caused me was even more excruciating than anything that had gone before. I thought I had already reached the limit, but I had not till then.

Now followed long dreary days and nights of never diminishing pain. Morning and afternoon the leg was dressed, but there was no cessation of the pain. Sometimes, too, I suffered from the most terrible cramps. My foot seemed to be clamped tight in a vice and then violently pressed forward. Harder still to bear were the terrific spasms which came on the instant I fell asleep. These spasms convulsed my whole body and sent fearful additional pains shooting down my leg. It seemed as if there must be a demon waiting at the end of my bed who, the instant I fell asleep, seized my poor aching leg and shook it with all his might. All the thousand pains were instantly sent tingling into new activity. And for an hour afterwards the leg would not settle down to its dull monotonous ache again. So bad was it

that I used deliberately to keep myself awake so as not to have the spasm which only came on when asleep. I was worn out with sleeplessness, and with the fearful irksomeness of remaining always in one position ; but to sleep with the risk of those terrible spasms was worse than to be awake.

At the end of the week a complication set in. I had felt weaker during the night, and by morning I was very feverish and occasionally brought up blood. And I had a straining kind of pain in my side at the back which caught me when breathing. Pleuro-pneumonia had set in. The antiquated system of cupping was applied. But the pain still increased. During the following night it caught me so severely that I could only breathe in gasps. I was propped up high with pillows, but nothing could make me easy. The straining pain seemed to catch at something inside and make it harder and harder to breathe. For the next day or two I got worse and worse. Even the terrible pain of the leg was forgotten. The mere fighting for breath took up all my thoughts and little remaining energy. I could only be given milk and water with brandy every two hours, and occasionally a little tea. I was so weak as scarcely to be able to lift my hand to my forehead. My face had become a horrible green and yellow. I

could only speak in single words at a time. And once or twice I nearly succumbed.

But gradually the remedies applied by Sir John Broadbent who had now arrived from England, and the splendid care of Nurse Gifford had their effect. The crisis passed. The clot of blood which had come up from the wound in the leg to the lungs dissolved itself, and I very slowly and gradually regained some strength. I was utterly weary and exhausted through lack of sleep ; and I was thin and emaciated through lack of food. Still I could breathe fairly well, though even yet and for many weeks to come I could not laugh or yawn or sigh, for deep breaths caught at my lung again. A joke my wife read out to me from one of George Russell's books gave me such pain that no more were allowed.

I was, then, in a way, getting better, but the pneumonia had set my leg discharging, and this continued discharge was slowly poisoning my system. At the end of a month, and just as I was thinking of moving to England, another relapse occurred. The old clutching pain crept about my chest. One night it grew worse and worse. Leeches, fomentations, mustard leaves, bandages were applied one after another, but it grew more and more intense. I could only breathe in gasps, and after one of the paroxysms I told

the nurse that I did not see how this could possibly go on much longer—simply because there seemed no possibility of breathing. And the Belgian doctor who had motored over in the night from the next town told the nurse I could only live for three days.

The next morning, however, the attack passed away and again my strength began to return, so that when Sir John Broadbent once more arrived from England on the following day, I said I was quite prepared to start for England. From the sanatorium I had to be taken two miles in an ambulance to the railway station. The weather was frightfully hot, the hottest for many years. The ambulance had no ventilation and was like an oven. It also had the weakest of springs. Over the smooth road it was possible to go at a slow trot, but when we came to the cobble-stones I could not bear the ambulance going at anything but the slowest walk. Even then I had to ask to stop frequently. The least jar gave me excruciating agony. Even the touch of a sleeve on the foot shot pain through it. Once or twice I nearly fainted, and brandy had to be given. I thought I never could reach even the railway station. The motor-drive from the scene of the accident to the hotel and from the hotel to the sanatorium had been bad enough, but this was

many degrees worse. I was fearfully run down from all I had gone through in the last five weeks, and from lack of sleep and food. My leg was in an exquisitely sensitive condition. The broken ends of the bones, instead of joining together, were rotting, and rubbed against each other with any jar. Unknown to the surgeons then, there were also two bones in the ankle broken. And all the nerves were torn. It was little wonder, therefore, that the drive in the rough ambulance caused me such agony.

But in the train I was put into an invalid carriage with a comfortable bed, and, except for the heat, suffered little extra pain. From the train I was carried in a stretcher and laid on the deck of the Channel steamer. The Channel voyage in a lovely summer evening with the soft refreshing air from the North Sea gave me unspeakable satisfaction. I gratefully drank in every breath. And the sight of healthy human beings all about me was even more invigorating than the glorious air. At Dover I had to be carried in a stretcher again for nearly a mile, and then had another ambulance drive, and I felt very nearly at the end of my resources when I was finally put in bed. But there was inexpressible relief in being back in England. My temperature had risen higher than it had through the whole course of my illness,

and I was told next day that I must keep quiet and talk as little as possible. But my spirit had returned, and I felt much better than the temperature showed.

After stopping three days at Dover to recover my strength, I was taken in an invalid carriage to London and there had to undergo another serious operation. The whole wound had to be re-opened; decaying fragments of bone removed; the silver wire which had been threaded through the two ends of the bones taken out; and the whole thoroughly swished through with disinfectants. Then followed more weary weeks of never-ceasing pain, and nearly sleepless nights, in which even with morphia I would only sleep for an hour at a time, very seldom more, generally less. But by the beginning of September my leg was sufficiently well to be put in plaster in such a way that I could slightly bend the knee and be placed upon my side, and so instantaneous was the relief that literally the very moment my head was on the pillow lying sideways I was fast asleep. It was in the morning, and the doctor was still in the room, but I simply said, "This is perfectly heavenly," and fell fast off to sleep. For two and a half months I had been in one position, and the relief of lying on one side and feeling my cheek instead of the back of my head against the

pillow was unimaginable. But it was not to last long, for the change brought a violent cramp in my leg, and after only a few minutes' blissful sleep I had to be put on my back again. And even up to some weeks later I could not stay for more than half an hour on my side.

They were still uncertain, too, whether it would be possible to save my leg. It was decidedly more healthy but it still kept on discharging. I was put into a wonderful splint made by Mr Hoefftcke and taken to be X-rayed, and it was clear that the bones had not commenced to join together. Moreover, their position in regard to one another needed adjustment. So for the fourth time I was put under an anæsthetic and my leg was pulled till the bones were properly adjusted. For three days and nights afterwards it was kept strongly stretched out. A tight leather bandage was fixed on to my ankle and foot and fastened on to the steel splint, and by this means an extension was effected. But my leg might just as well have been put in the rack, and the pain was all the more intense because the foot was in a fearfully sensitive condition, as two bones in it were broken. On the fourth day the tension was relaxed a little, and for such relaxation I was deeply thankful. But the foot was still tightly

bandaged and the leg was considerably stretched for several weeks yet.

Slowly, however, improvement took place. By means of Hoefftcke's splint which supported the leg I was able to hobble about a little with two sticks, and I could go out in the parks in a bath-chair. Then in the middle of November came the final operation to remove some remaining splinters of bones which had detached themselves, and seven months after the accident I was on my legs again.

I have described by sufferings at length and in detail not because there was anything unusual in them, but because they are so very common, because there is so much worse suffering in the world, and because reflecting on all this suffering, I could not help asking myself whether the usual view of things could possibly be correct—that we were under the care and guardianship of a kind and Almighty Being who was ever watching over us to protect us from all evil. It seemed hard to believe in such a view. And I had often thought before, and now thought again, whether there might not be some other view of the fundamental nature of things which would more closely fit the facts of life as we observe them.

Cases such as mine are brought into the

hospitals every day of the week, year after year. I suffered, it is true. But I was surrounded with every care and attention. My wife was with me from the very first, and she procured for me the very best doctors, surgeons, and nurses ; nothing she could think of for my comfort was left undone ; and numerous relations and friends spoilt me with every comfort and luxury. But what of those who are *not* looked after ? What of the wounded on battlefields ? What of those injured far away from civilisation ? What of those who cannot be taken to hospitals, or who cannot afford the best doctors and nurses ?

I was injured in the leg, and my leg is nearly as strong as ever again. What of those who are injured internally and in consequence suffer life-long torture ? And what, again, of those who suffer chronically—not for a few months but from birth—who never enjoy full health ? What of the tortures of cancer which can only end in death ? And what of the blind, of the deaf, of the dumb, who daily suffer from their infliction ? And what, too, of the sufferings of women in child-birth, who suffer for no other reason than for doing their duty to the human race ?

All these, too, are merely *physical* sufferings. How much greater are the mental ! Bodily suffering can be endured or can be alleviated with

drugs. Moreover, bodily suffering readily strikes the eye and calls forth sympathy. But what of the *hidden* sufferings of the soul, which nobody sees and few know of; of lives with the light taken out of them; of lives for ever saddened by the loss of a dear one in death or sadder yet in life? What of lives spent in one continued struggle for bare subsistence; the lives of poor women who have to keep up some appearance of the standing in which they were born? What of those who see *no* future before them, who have *nothing* to look forward to, who were *born* handicapped, who have not the means to help themselves, who have not the inborn strength to hold their own in the sea of troubles, and who must necessarily depend on those whom they know must regard them as a clog, a drag, and an incubus? And what, too, of those who feel great things within them, who crave to put them forth, but who in the barbaric civilisation of to-day find their tender delicate aspirations blighted and crushed, and themselves borne helplessly along in a black and ugly stream? And what of that most exquisite suffering of all—the suffering of one who has freely given out all his most tender and sensitive love, poured out all his inmost and most secret and sacred being to another, and found its holiness unrecognised and his love have no

return ? What of those who have given and not received love ? What of those who have exposed their whole quivering hearts and been touched to the quick by an unfeeling hand ? Is any agony greater than that ? Is the most dreadful bodily suffering comparable to the poignant anguish of the soul.

The sum of suffering is stupendous. And for all we know, the suffering and evil in other parts of the universe may be even more appalling than it is on our planet. Human beings do all they can to lessen and assuage it. Can we really believe it is deliberately caused by a Just and Merciful Providence for our welfare ?

SOME DISBELIEFS

The loss of our little boy when only ten days old, and just as we were experiencing a joy of wholly unexpected fulness ; and again, the frightful suffering and loss of life in the Indian Famine ; and such incidents as the drowning of Major Bretherton within a few days' march of Lhasa, had made me doubt, for many years past, whether we could still believe in the old view that we were created by an Omnipotent Being who was ever watching over us and protecting us from harm, and who could be relied on to help and guide and comfort us in our difficulties. I never doubted that at the back of things was a great spiritual power or influence of some kind. I did not suppose that the world and ourselves came together by pure chance and pursued their way without design or impulse. And I never inclined to the mechanical theory of the universe. But the theory of things which held that, quite apart and outside ourselves, there was a Kind and Benevolent Being who was ever guarding us, and who could be trusted to

support us in the time of trial, did not work in with certain incontrovertible facts ; and like many others, I also had to seek some better theory which would clash less crudely with our other beliefs, and more nearly fit in with ordinary experiences of life.

According to the old belief, there must have been present at the time of my accident an invisible but Benevolent Being with ample power to prevent it. According to it, this Being could, by the minutest exercise of will, have caused the chauffeur to keep more to the right, or have caused me to jump to the left, and the accident would have been averted. But in the present case he remained inactive and let me be run down. How in the face of such an experience can I be expected any longer to believe in the theory that I was being looked after by a Benevolent Being ? If a *human* being, with the power to prevent an accident, did nothing and let it occur, he would be arraigned by public opinion ; and if he were in responsible control of the agents, he would be prosecuted, as the responsible captain of a ship is prosecuted if an accident happens. In the case of the Supernatural Being, the inaction is justified on the ground that he allowed the accident in order to make me perfect through suffering. But will this theory hold ?

I was in Johannesburg when seven railway truck-loads of dynamite were exploded through a porter having shunted a truck-load of detonators against them. The court of inquiry found that the consequent suffering and loss of life was due to the carelessness of the shunter. But President Kruger held that the shunter was blameless, and the calamity was sent by the will of God. . . . When the great Famine was impending, I asked a Maharaja what he was going to do. He said he was going to trust in God. I asked if he was going to take any measures to prevent the impending calamity. He replied: No, it was not the custom; the calamity was being sent by God, and it was not for man to intervene. . . . These are two instances where, in practical life, the old view that suffering is purposely sent by Providence is undoubtedly maintained. But amongst modern Europeans it appears to be less seriously held. When the chauffeur of the motor-car which ran me down was being prosecuted for negligence, his counsel did not plead in his excuse what President Kruger asserted in excuse of the shunter who caused the dynamite explosion. The lawyer probably felt that before a modern judge such a theory would not be accepted for a moment. He pleaded every other kind of excuse—that I ought not to have been on the road at all; that I jumped

when I ought to have kept still; that the car was not going fast; that the chauffeur was a most careful and capable driver; and so on. But he never pleaded that the chauffeur was merely the instrument employed by an Omnipotent Being to cause me suffering, and through suffering to make me perfect.

Before we accept such a theory as that our sufferings are sent by Providence to discipline and test us, we ought in common prudence to satisfy ourselves that no better conception of things can be put forward. And, as a rule, it is not those who have exhaustively studied all the various views of life which the world's greatest thinkers have conceived who ask us to accept this theory. Nor is it those who have fearlessly thought things out for themselves. We are usually asked to accept it by those who received it ready-made in their childhood from those who similarly received it in *their* childhood, and so on back and back till we find its origin in one of those Oriental countries where authority counts for so much, where resignation is such a dominant characteristic, and where independence of thought is so rare. But when we are brought up sharp, face to face with a hard fact in life, we pause and think. We think whether we really are justified in accepting the theory which is offered us to account for our experience.

I was asked to accept the view that my suffering was sent by an Omnipotent Being that by it I might be made perfect. Now the first thought which occurs is why a Being who could do anything could not have made me perfect *without* suffering. Another thought which comes to one is whether, as a matter of experience, suffering *does* make men perfect. And a third thought which comes is whether, if any means at all had to be used, a much more efficacious means than suffering might not have been employed.

No conclusive proof has ever been given that suffering is a *necessity* for perfection. And we have many, many instances in which suffering has *not*, as a fact, improved a man, but broken his spirit, sapped his strength, incapacitated him for the work of life, and left him to sink lower and lower. On the other hand, we do know of another thing which never leads to debasement but *always* towards perfection. And if an Omnipotent Being had any need of using means, we would suppose that he would use that means and not suffering. We would imagine that he would use the most perfect means at his disposal.

But a Being to whom all things were possible would not have to use *any* means at all. One human being often deliberately causes another human being suffering in order to make him

better, because he cannot make him better by any direct act, and because it is only by causing suffering, and by no other means, that he can effect his object. My surgeon caused me suffering by operating on my leg to make it perfect because he knew of no way of making it perfect *without* causing me pain. Yet, even so, he took the utmost trouble to cause me as little pain as possible. A Being who was really Omnipotent *could* have made me perfect without using suffering as a means. For to Omnipotence *means* are unnecessary. Acts of will are sufficient. The Omnipotent Being would simply will a man to be perfect and he *would* be perfect, and the painful intermediary process would be unnecessary. There would be no need to employ suffering as a means to that end.

Nor does it make one more inclined to accept the theory that when we suffer the suffering is sent to improve us, to be told that men *are* improved by suffering. People who say this have in their minds instances of very fine characters who *have* suffered, and very great achievements which have been accomplished *after* suffering. But everyone suffers. There is not a living soul who does not think that he or she has special adversities and difficulties to contend with which make his lot peculiarly hard. One has public

physical sufferings, like a broken leg, which everyone can see with the naked eye, and he is supposed to be especially afflicted and commands everyone's sympathy. Another has some secret soul-suffering which no one sees or knows of, and because he is in good bodily health and prosperous in the world, is supposed to have no suffering. We cannot positively say that one suffers more than another, and that the superiority of one man's character over another's is due to his having suffered more. There are plenty of fine characters who, as far as we know, have not especially suffered. And allowing that in some cases character *has* been improved by suffering, do we not know of even more cases where suffering has crushed and uglified life? If we really believed the sufferings of the poor were good for their characters we would not seek, as we do, to diminish those sufferings. It is because we know full well that those sufferings harden and stunt their lives that we seek to assuage them in every way we can. And our hospitals exist for the very same purpose of diminishing pain.

Perhaps, however, the suffering I endured was not sent to improve my character but to punish me for my sins. I have, I daresay, sinned as much as most people—more than many, less than some. But, supposing I had committed much

worse sins than anyone else in the world, would it not be a crudely barbarous way of punishing me to have me run down by a motor-car? What would we think of a father, or a schoolmaster, who punished a wicked boy by instigating a taxi-cab driver to run him down and break his leg, all the time giving the boy no hint *why* he was being punished? And still more unreasonably cruel and heartless does such action appear on the part of one who is supposed to have created me and to have guided and controlled me from my infancy upward. He *could* have created me perfect, but he actually created me so bad, or controlled me so imperfectly, that he had to punish me in the most cruel manner for his own deficiencies. Such a view seems altogether untenable.

But the present is only a state of probation for a future life, it is said. We are to be tried and tested through suffering here to prove our fitness, or the reverse, for some future existence; and an absolutely just God will determine at the end of our earthly life whether we shall live in heaven or go to hell. Now there *may* be a future life. Personally, I think there is. But many better, more capable, and better informed men than myself think there is not. And no man, so far, has been able scientifically, logically, and conclusively to prove to those who do not intuitively feel it, that we do

survive bodily death and live everlastingly. The evidence on which Jesus is said to have risen from the dead will not bear rigid scientific investigation. The accounts we have were not written till many years after the event; and those who have had experience of Asiatics know how difficult it is to literally accept statements so made, and how easy it is for Oriental imagination and exaggeration to creep in. He may not have actually died upon the Cross. And, if he did, what was afterwards seen of him may have been merely an apparition. Such apparitions are of very ordinary occurrence in life. And neither of these possibilities should be excluded before we accept as proven anything of such transcendent importance to the human race, as the resurrection of a man from the dead.

But allowing that there *is* a future life, what possible assurance have we that we shall be placed there according to the results of the tests by suffering which we have gone through here? One is tested and proves worthy. Another is tested and proves unworthy. *Have* we any positive grounds for believing that in a future life those who have been worthy here will be in any better position than those who have been unworthy? In this world two men are walking down a road. One is taken and the other is left. Have we any guarantee that in a future life there will be any

more regard for who is taken and who is left than there is in this world? And if we have not this assurance, how can we console ourselves for sufferings here by holding that they are caused by some Being who is testing us for our fitness for a future life?

To me the fact that suffering exists in *itself* shows the untenability of the view of life which holds that we are under the guidance and protection of one who is both Omnipotent and Merciful. It might, indeed, be held that we were under the influence of a Being of Goodness and Mercy and immeasurably greater than ourselves but *not* Omnipotent and not our Creator. The existence of such a Being *is* a possibility. But we have no evidence of his existence. And as we are, in any case, ignorant of the extent of his powers—whether he could do much, or only very little—we cannot wisely lean upon him.

We still have a vague idea, however, that suffering is as necessary to happiness as shadow is to light. We see the beauty of the light-effects in a picture enhanced by the darkness of the shadows, and we think that in a similar way suffering increases happiness. And certainly we do have intense happiness after suffering. When I was turned on my side after being on my back for two and a half months I felt in paradise. But all this

does not prove that suffering is a *necessity* for what is best in life. We can enjoy all the beauties of nature and of art without any stimulation by suffering. And our love comes sweetly and naturally without any need of enhancement by adversity.

There is not the slightest reason for believing that any suffering whatever is needed for acquiring perfection. Pain *may* be necessary as an ingredient in something which is good as a whole. But there is not the smallest evidence that it is. The most reasonable conclusion seems to be, that suffering results from the conditions under which we are evolving, and comes from the friction, as it were, of spirit with matter or spirit with spirit. So when it comes we must just face it without a whimper, and with clenched hands and set teeth resolve to see it through. And we will console ourselves, not with the idea that it is being sent by a Merciful Providence in order to make us perfect ; but with the more comforting reflection that the more acutely we suffer the more closely do we find ourselves in touch with those who are most sensitive and feeling among our fellow men and women.

Take another case which has often caused me to doubt whether we really are being guided by

an All-wise Being. On the way to Lhasa the officer who had worked longer and harder and more successfully than any other to enable us to reach our goal was drowned when we were only three marches distant. By the sudden overturning of a raft Major Bretherton was thrown into the Sanpo river in swirling flood. Others were saved, why was he drowned? He had served his country well in many campaigns, and he would doubtless have been well *rewarded* by his countrymen for his splendid work on the present occasion. Why should he have been *punished*? Why should his wife and children have been punished as well?

What are we to make of cases like this? The more worthy are punished; the less worthy escape. Some of the native boatmen who escaped were doubtless very good men. I do not say anything against them. I would say, though, that they were not *so* good as the officer who was punished, for I had known him for many years and in other parts of the frontier beside Tibet. And if, unknown to the world, those who escaped were especially good, and those who were punished were exceptionally bad, then common sense would dictate that that fact should be made known to the world. We rightly insist on those in authority making public the reasons why a man is con-

demned to death. The crime he has committed, and the nature of the evidence that has convinced the responsible authorities that he has actually committed the crime, are published to the world. And when a man is punished by death, as Major Bretherton was, and we are left without any reason being assigned for this tremendous punishment, we again find difficulty in sustaining the view that we are being guided and controlled by a Benevolent Being.

But the ways of this Being are inscrutable, it is said. He is infinite ; we are finite ; and we ought not therefore to presume to understand his meaning. His ways seem hard ; but we have an assurance of everlasting life, and in the life to come all will be put right. The dear one has been taken away ; but he must be in happiness above ; and we must console ourselves by believing that *he* is happy. So we are told. But *would* anyone be happy in heaven if he were parted from his loved ones and knew all the sufferings his death had caused to those left on earth ? Rather would he not suffer the most poignant anguish at seeing the sorrow of those he has left and being able to do nothing to assuage it ? Could heaven *be* heaven while any suffering whatever remains on earth ? And in practice do we really believe that our loved ones when

parted from ourselves *would* be happy in some other life; for, if we did, would we take the trouble we do to prevent their dying? We ourselves would not be happy in parting from those we love, and we know that they would not be happy parted from us, in however blissful a state they might find themselves after death. So we, in practice, do everything we can to prevent their entering that other state.

Another case of drowning is very typical of accidents which frequently occur, and each of which makes it equally hard to believe that we are under the personal protection of a Merciful Providence. A little boy of six was drowned by slipping into a river while playing on the bank. Any human being would have rushed to save him. The child's own sister, my nurse—Nurse Harvey—did indeed save another boy's life by dashing across a field and, with her long cloak and everything on, heroically flinging herself into a river and supporting him out. The Omnipotent Being, on the usual supposition, was present on both occasions, and could with the greatest ease have prevented either of the two boys falling into the water, yet he let both fall in, let one drown and left it to a woman, at the risk of her life, to save the other. When we

really reflect on instances of this kind—and innumerable similar instances might be quoted—can we still hold the theory that a Good and Omnipotent Being is protecting us?

One would think not. But in spite of these everyday instances of the way in which the theory of our being guided by a Benevolent Being breaks down, men do in the most pathetic way continue to place their faith in it. One of the most notable cases in modern times is General Gordon. He had an unswerving faith in this view of life. He trusted it implicitly. He believed that there was a Being who guided and controlled all his actions. Through the whole of his life he never lost this faith. It was beautiful; but was it justified by the result? Did it not fail at the supreme moment? Gladstone is often blamed for having failed Gordon. But at least he did, though tardily, send an army to relieve him. And our soldiers risked and sacrificed their lives to rescue Gordon from death. But an Omnipotent Being need have sent no army nor risked his own life, and could have saved Gordon by the smallest effort of will. When, then, this Being let him be cruelly massacred, how can Gordon's faith in his being under the protection of such a Being be justified? Was not his faith, though beautiful, quite clearly misplaced; and might he

not, like Jesus, have exclaimed, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

We are told, though, that we cannot say *why* this Being should have abandoned Gordon, but that Gordon should have been and really was content in doing his will, ignorant what that will might be, yet trusting and believing that it must be working for good. But what grounds have we for this confidence? In innumerable cases individuals who have similarly trusted have been killed or have suffered. In numberless other cases bad men have prospered. We have no certainty that at any moment another star may not crash into us and send us all to atoms. We cannot be sure that there is more good than evil in the universe. We only know a microscopic corner of it, and even that only very imperfectly. For all we know, evil may vastly predominate over good. How then, can we, on the facts before us, be certain that there is a Being working for good rather than for evil?

And if it really were the case that we were under the guidance and control of an All-wise Being who desired us to do his will, we might justly expect that that Being would make his will and intention clear and distinct beyond all shadow of doubt. A general or a statesman explains in the most explicit terms what is his plan or policy.

And it might be presumed that if there were an Omnipotent Being who wished us to do his will, he would do the same with even greater clearness. But of this we find no evidence. Gordon thought he was doing the will of God by remaining in Khartoum. Gladstone thought he was doing the will of God by telling him to retire. Both were very earnest and religious men ; and to this day we cannot tell which was right. And it is more likely that Gordon was obeying the dictates of his own heroic nature than any commands actually received from above.

Two or three hundred million Hindus think it is the will of this Being that they should not eat beef. Other hundreds of millions of Jews and Mohammedans think that he has no objection to their eating beef but objects to their eating ham. Other hundreds of millions of Christians think this Being objects to their either working or playing on Sunday, but likes their devoting the day to his praise. Many millions of Christians think it is his will that a man should have only one wife. Many millions of Mohammedans believe that he has no objection to a man having four wives. And many millions of Hindus think that he lets a man have as many wives as he likes. We have no certainty what it is he really wishes, and we end

by making up for ourselves what *we* think he would wish.

In the racking perplexities of life men would gladly do what an All-wise Being willed if only they could know reliably and unmistakably what he did will. They pray to be told what it is; but no certain answer ever comes back—no answer that they can be sure does not arise from within themselves or is not "suggested" by their surroundings. Cases are known of supposed voices from God telling men what to do. Evan Roberts, for instance, firmly believed that God spoke to him. But it would be a difficult thing to prove that these voices were not the voices of the subconscious-self or the result of "suggestion" from others. The resources and capacities of the deeper, inner, hidden conscious portion of our minds are only beginning to be understood, and many things we have ascribed to an outside God may have really originated within ourselves.

It might perhaps be thought that a Being controlling the whole universe would not be likely to make known what his will was in individual cases and in every trivial circumstance of life; but that in a broad way we might infer it by observing the general direction in which the course of Nature was trending. Thus the line of evolution might give us a guide as to what was

intended. We might assume that it was by the will of the Omnipotent Being that things were marching in the direction to which evolution points, then point our own actions in the same direction and so conform to his will. But evolution is not the same thing as progress. There is evolution which is towards deterioration. What were higher kinds of animals have deteriorated to parasites. The course of evolution is not necessarily towards the *best*, towards what we ourselves, from within ourselves, and without any outside help intuitively know to be the best. The direction in which we *are* evolving is not necessarily the one in which it would be *best* for us to evolve. The course of Nature affords no guide to us in this matter. We cannot assume that the more evolved is on that account the *better*. The *later* type is not necessarily better than the earlier. Parasites have evolved downwards. And there are respects in which the earlier types are better than the higher. For instance, in physique Zulus are finer than Englishmen, and primitive jungle-men have keener eyesight than civilised men. Bees likewise have a power of instinct which we would only too gladly possess. Even if we take the widest and most general view of the evolutionary process, and say it is towards a greater and greater power of

choice, we are still left without a guide as to what to choose.

Nor does the principle of the survival of the fittest give us a guide which we could follow. The fittest to survive are not necessarily the intrinsically *best*. The best very often do not survive. In warfare it is the bravest who get killed. Those who run away or who stay behind shelter survive. The daring aviator meets with death. The comfort-loving citizen survives. If when the sun's heat is sensibly diminished, the earth begins to freeze, the fittest will still survive. The principle will still hold good. But the fittest to survive then will be some kind of super-polar-bears not super-men. And if, according to the latest view, the earth does not get colder, but gets hotter under radio-activity and eventually explodes, the most fit then to survive will be the atoms, upon which no heat however dazzling, no pressure however crushing, has the very smallest effect. Even at the present moment, if we were to look round the whole of living beings of every kind, and select from among them which was the really fittest to survive, we would not be able to select man, the head of the animal kingdom, or bees, the head of the insect kingdom ; we should have to select the very lowest and simplest living beings of all—the little one-celled specks of proto-

plasm. We should have to select these lowliest living things as the fittest to survive for this reason, that *they do not die.* They really do survive. They merely divide in two and go on living. They may be killed: but they do not naturally die. And doubtless there are some now living which are parts of those living when life first began a hundred million years or more ago. These then, and not men, are the fittest to survive. For mere fitness to survive there is nothing to equal them, and long after man and all the rest of animal life and all the plant kingdom have ceased to exist, these simplest forms will still remain. But though thus obviously the fittest to survive, it is equally obvious that they are not the best—not what we would hold up to ourselves as a type to imitate.

Neither the course of evolution nor the principle of the survival of the fittest offers us a guide for our behaviour which we could accept. And if we were to take these as indicating the will of an Omnipotent Being in regard to the direction which we should follow, our own innate intuition of what was good would tell us that we should not be right in conforming to such a will. *There may be a great deal more good in a thing than ever evolves.* Its unfolding may be checked by the severity of external conditions. The

course of evolution is not therefore by necessity the best course to follow.

Cases of misfortunes to individuals shake our confidence in the theory that an Omniscient, Omnipresent, Omnipotent, and Good Being is ever guiding and guarding us. And still less tenable does this theory appear when we think of the terrible natural calamities which so frequently occur! Take the case of the great famine in India. The people of India are mostly agricultural. They are dependent on the crops. The crops again are dependent on the rain, which comes with the monsoon. If the monsoon fails, the crops fail. And if the crops fail, the people starve, for the generality have little reserve of food or money to fall back on in case of disaster.

The monsoon of 1899 did fail. For a fortnight the rain fell as usual. The young crops came up with their usual promise and no idea of failure occurred to anyone. After a fortnight the rain ceased. The skies remained overcast, but no rain fell. "Breaks" in the monsoon are of common occurrence, so at first no anxiety was caused. But as the number of days without rain increased, people began to get nervous. There was still, however, plenty of time for rain, and three-quarters of the crops might be saved. But days grew into

weeks and still the monsoon failed. Clouds never ceased to pass overhead, and at times were so thick and heavy it seemed as if a drenching downpour must inevitably come. But still not a drop fell. The last hope was the usual final burst of the monsoon. Men grew terribly anxious. If that came, a half or a quarter of the crops would be saved. But that hope vanished also. The monsoon clouds drifted away. The sun again scorched forth with remorseless heat. The tender young crops withered away without ever coming to ear, and blank awful disaster lay before the people. The most miserable of our people in England are within reach of innumerable charitable agencies. At the last pinch there is always the workhouse to fall back on. No one need actually starve. In the part of India for which at the time of the famine I was responsible, there were no such agencies, private or State. It was one of the least developed parts of India, governed by its own rulers, and ninety miles distant from a railway. The rulers were unaccustomed to dealing with such a calamity, and powerless to meet it if they would. Appalling disaster was inevitable.

With the assistance of the Indian Government relief works were started. Twenty large dams were constructed across the dry beds of streams to store up water in future, and in the meanwhile to

provide work for the villagers. The embankments for a future railway were also constructed. And for the work performed the labourers and their families were provided with food. Large poor-houses were also established, in which those incapable of working might be fed. But the Indian villager has an intense prejudice against leaving his village in search of work. He is, moreover, a slavish fatalist. If God had sent this calamity, who was he that he should fight against it ? And why should he exert himself to continue his present existence ? He could not be worse off than he was at present. If he died, he might be born again as a *bania*—a fat money-lender. Anyhow, there was no reason why he should go and work on the railway embankments or the reservoir dams which were being laid out, for when the worst came to the worst, he could go to the poor-houses which were being established and get subsistence there without working.

So the people drifted on to the disaster. As the crops failed they would clamour round the officer touring among them, throw up their arms, and in heartrending tones implore him to save them from their fate. But they were so stricken with the very magnitude of the impending disaster that all spirit had left them. The majority stopped on in their villages and, dispirited,

awaited the stroke of doom. They fed once a day, then once every other day, then once every third day. They searched the jungles for roots and leaves, grasses and berries. They sold all their household goods, their furniture, cooking utensils, and agricultural implements, to obtain money wherewith to buy food. They sold their clothes and went about almost naked. They even sold their doors and windows, and the very rafters of their roofs, till their homes became ruins and they themselves mere skeletons in rags.

Then they began to die in hundreds. It was impossible to go out for a ride without seeing dead and dying human beings by the wayside. The famine deepened yet. I saw men actually taking out human remains from the burning funeral pyres and feed themselves on human flesh. Thousands and thousands died. The poorhouses were scenes of the most frightful human suffering. From a single poorhouse some ninety to a hundred corpses were taken out every day. It was nearly impossible to tell the dying from the dead. Human life seemed of absolutely no account.

Lastly came the culminating scourge. Water had become so scarce that the most filthy had to be drunk. The wells and the village ponds contained only the most loathsome water. As a consequence,

cholera appeared and spread like fire through the land. Even those who had saved themselves from famine were now mowed down by cholera. Those who were arranging relief worked only at the risk of their lives. A wife knew not whether her husband would return alive. A husband had ever the dread that when he came back he would find his wife stricken down.

When at length, in the following year, the usual rains came and the famine was over, it was found that by the foresight and energy of man, some fifty thousand human beings had been saved who would otherwise have died. But if the view is held that an Omnipotent Being guides and controls everything, then to that Being must be attributed the loss of some three hundred thousand men and women who perished in this one part of India alone.

Here, again, if it really were the case that the destinies of man were under the control of a Being who was all-powerful, who created the world and all men on it, who was present everywhere and knew everything, then that Being would have to be held responsible for the appalling misery that occurred, as the Viceroy of India is held responsible if he does not take adequate precaution to prevent disaster. The famine came because the current of air which usually brings

the monsoon-rains from the Indian Ocean had been diverted in some other direction. An Omnipotent Being really regardful of men's interests would have arranged that the current was *not* diverted? In India our engineers construct immense irrigation canals which lead the water of the rivers on to waste lands to irrigate and fertilise them. If an engineer has not so arranged his works that the supply of water can be depended on regularly year by year, we consider him a *bad* engineer, and have no confidence in him in future. When, then, we find that the moisture-bearing currents of air are not to be relied on, and that dreadful famines frequently occur, it is hard to still hold the theory that those currents are under the control of a Being who is regardful of the interests of man.

It is true that in innumerable instances the adjustment *is* nearly perfect. That we ourselves live from moment to moment is a marvel. If the heart stopped beating for a single minute we would die. But still, if even in only a few instances, or indeed in only one, the theory that an Omnipotent Being is guiding all things for our good breaks down, our faith in that theory is shaken. At any moment while we are leaning on it, it may fail us like a broken reed. In practice an Indian peasant places more confidence on the

engineer's canals than he does on an outside Being's willingness to help him. Land which is irrigated by the engineer's canals fetches a higher price than land which is watered only by rainfall.

Perhaps, though, it may be argued that for the monsoon current to have been diverted to India in the year the rains failed, the whole mechanism of the universe would have been deranged, and worse evil might have ensued. This, possibly, is the case. But if it is, it only proves how greatly the individual man is at the mercy of mechanical forces, and how little dependence he can place upon an external Being to help him. Such an argument would only show how helpless such a Being himself was before the machine he had with his own hand created.

In the case of the Indian famine men had ample warning. The calamity came on gradually. Those with energy and foresight could save themselves by availing themselves of the relief which Government provided. No man who could and would work need have died. Government provided work for him. In the case of the Messina earthquake there was not a moment's warning. In an *instant* the blow fell. Good and bad, the just and the unjust, those who had trusted God

and those who had not, were crushed to death without a chance to save themselves. Of those who escaped death few escaped injury, and fewer still had not to mourn the loss of someone dear. Amongst those who were hurled to destruction must have been many who had prayed to God to help them in time of need, and who had placed themselves confidently in his hands, as into the hands of a loving father, but they, equally with the most callous unbeliever, were ruthlessly destroyed. How, after a calamity like that, can we still believe in the view that we are under the protection of an all-powerful Being who will watch carefully over us? On the current theory this Being created this earth, but, if so, he must have created it very imperfectly as a habitation for human beings, or these constant cracks in the flooring would not occur. If an architect built a public hall which was liable to give way every now and then, he would be utterly condemned and never trusted again. While ruinous earthquakes continue to occur, how is it possible to hold the view that we are being cared for by a Being who is both loving and capable of protecting our lives?

And if we persist in believing in the theory that we are under the protection of a Being all-powerful and all-good, and the creator and controller of the universe, what are we to make of

such calamities as the foundering of the *Titanic*? Such a Being had merely to will the Company to keep their ships on a more southerly course, or the captain to run his vessel at slow speed, or the Board of Trade to have laid down that more boats should be provided, and the accident would have been averted. Such acts of will would have been a slight matter to an Omnipotent Being. But he did not make one of them. He deliberately let the *Titanic* crash against the iceberg in the darkness of the night, and sink two miles to the bottom of the ocean with fifteen hundred heroes who willingly sacrificed their own lives that the weaker might be saved. The Board of Trade and the Company are condemned. Why should we hesitate to condemn a theory so incapable of confronting a hard fact like this?

We were told at the time that the calamity was sent to make us humble, to make us realise the limitation of our powers. But does not this savour too much of the upper-school boy putting a lower-school boy in his proper place? It is the attitude of mind we often meet with among half-civilised peoples, but is not what we expect to find in the great peoples of modern times. And it is not a view we really do hold in practical life. We are not humbled. We simply take cognisance of the fact that we have fallen foul of one of the

conditions under which we live. We mean in the end to master those conditions. So we set about taking precautions against the occurrence of another such catastrophe. We provide steamships with more lifeboats; we keep a sharper look-out; we make ships take a more southerly course; we build new ships with a better system of water-tight compartments; we invent instruments for detecting the presence of icebergs; we place ships in closer connection by wireless telegraphy. By all such means we show our determination to dominate Nature and not let Nature triumph over us.

Not that this assertiveness of man need imply that individuals are not humble in spite of their pride in the achievements of mankind as a whole. The greatest men are, indeed, usually the most humble. The leader in any one branch of human activity will always feel how immeasurably distant he is from the *possible* on his line alone. And he will also realise how little he knows of other lines of activity. Darwin was the most humble of men. And humility in this sense will always be felt by even the greatest: and by the greatest perhaps even more than by the least. But this humility is not humiliation, and is perfectly consistent with a just pride in the achievements and capabilities of man. It in no sense implies

recognition of a Being who wishes to humble man's pride and exalt his own greatness.

Whether we consider cases where individuals have had to suffer out of all proportion to their deserts and without ostensible, declared, or conceivable reason; or whether we consider the terrible natural calamities which befall great numbers of men and deal suffering and destruction to both good and bad together; in all cases we find that that view of life which would maintain that we, either as individuals or as a race, are under the protection of some external Providence will not fit the facts of our experience.

THE INHERENT IMPULSE

WHATEVER that Something is which we feel must be at the back of things, it cannot be an external Omnipotent Being who created us and who guides and controls us. That is the conclusion at which we have arrived, and other lines of thought than that just pursued have led other men to the same conclusion. We are realising nowadays that the old guardian God of our childhood never existed. He was our own creation. He did not make us. We made him.

What, then, is to take his place? What is to be our fundamental belief in future? We must have a faith and guiding idea of some kind. And we do feel that if what is at the back of us is not the venerable Being of our infancy, or the awful Judge sitting on a throne, there yet *is* something spiritual at the source of things. If that Something is not a Person outside ourselves what, then, is its nature? What shall we have in future to support us in all the difficulties and complica-

tions of life? What shall carry us over the sea of troubles in which we find ourselves? What will there be to guide us; what to support and comfort us? If we make one false step in our daily conflict with the forces of Nature, we are lost. If we cannot rely on the old guardian God to help us, on whom, then, can we trust?

The reply I suggest is, that *it is on our own selves that we should put our trust — on our individual selves and on one another.* And I urge that we can thus trust ourselves and one another, *because* we all alike are animated by one great purpose and impelled by the same inherent spirit welling up within us and binding us altogether in one indissoluble bondship; and because that spirit is found to be in its essential nature good.

We are abandoning the idea of God the Father; and we are realising the idea of God the Holy Spirit. We are giving up the idea that the Kingdom of God is in Heaven; and we are finding that the Kingdom of God is *within* us. We are relinquishing the old idea of an external God above, apart, and separate from ourselves; and we are taking on the new idea of an internal Spirit working within us—a constraining, immanent influence; a vital, propelling impulse vibrating through us all, expressing

itself and fulfilling its purpose through us, and uniting us together in one vast spiritual unity. As by England we mean that spirit which animates all Englishmen and binds them in national unity; so would our God in future be that Spirit which animates all living things. And religion will be a patriotic love of country extended to the universe at large; a sense of oneness with all living things, from which will flow a universal love.

What the poet intuitively felt a hundred years ago, and what others before him had also felt, so will ordinary men in increasing numbers feel is profoundly true :—

> "A sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion and *a spirit that impels*
> *All thinking things*, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

That is what we feel is at the back and source of things—a spirit that impels us all and rolls through all things—an indwelling, limitless spirit, infusing itself through the entire universe. And the very frequency with which the quotation is made is a testimony that men intuitively feel its truth.

Walt Whitman's "potent, felt interior com-

mand," his "urge and ardour"; Bertrand Russell's "passionate aspiration after the Perfect from which all great work springs"; Bergson's "élan vital"; Bernard Shaw's "vital force": all, in different ways, express the realisation of the same idea. It is the Something within us ever craving for expression and expansion. In its inmost nature it is what the lover feels when he yearns never to fall below what he wants to appear in the eyes of his beloved.

Consider the matter. We must always be supremely interested in discovering whence we came and who or what it is that animates our lives. We are ever searching for the springs of life. We have to assume something as the primary source of things. We cannot conceive the universe as emerging out of nothing. Something or other must have always existed. Most of the writers of the Bible assumed that the something was a personal God-Creator. Dwelling in the skies was a kind of glorified man of unlimited power, who made the world and all us men. Whether he made the universe and mankind out of previously-existing material or out of nothing is not distinctly stated. But, in any case, he was the one thing which had always existed, and he was our Creator, ruler, and guide.

Yet even in the Bible the conception of God varies. The New Testament God is very different from the Old Testament God, the local God fighting the battles of the Israelites, the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles. But the Bible was written when the race was only just emerging from barbarism, and its authors cannot have said the final and conclusive word on a problem which will take the race the entire period of its existence to solve. With the increased knowledge and experience of life which we have gained since the simple authors of the Bible wrote their poetic but naïve ideas on its solution, we must attack the problem afresh, and go on attacking it, fearlessly discarding what will clearly not fit in and harmonise with our other well-established beliefs and with the total sum of our experiences, but retaining any main idea which will stand all tests—as we may safely believe will the idea of the motive principle of the universe being spiritual and not purely mechanical.

In place, then, of assuming an already-made, omnipotent and perfect God-Creator as the foundation-fact from which all else in the universe is derived, would it not better fit the experience of life if we assumed, as the ultimate source of things, a World-Spirit, in actual process of manifestation, and of which we ourselves are the latest

expression. We would then be, not the creatures of an outside and already perfect God, but simply the expressions of the World-Spirit itself. The mainspring would be something *in* each of us, and not something *apart* from us. And it would be in process of perfecting itself ; it would not be already perfect.

On these lines we might imagine to ourselves that the far-off origin of things was a universal ocean of latent possibilities or interpenetrating dispositions, the source, perhaps, of both mind and matter. This primordial consciousness has been sometimes referred to as supra-consciousness. I should rather imagine it an infra-consciousness, in which it would be hard to discern where the purposiveness of mind and the energy of matter intermingle. In these formless dispositions we may imagine a vague unrest arising. A disturbance occurs among the seething tendencies, an impulsion is generated, and a start is thus given to that unfolding of every latent possibility which we term the evolutionary process.

At first the impulse would, I imagine, be ill-defined and inappreciable ; but it would grow and gather momentum, for, like the purpose to which it would give birth, it would be an *increasing* impulse. It would generate other impulses, and these others again, and so on unceasingly, but all

would be interrelated, and all would feel the same original drive. The *purpose* which originated from this impulse would also be vague at first. There would be no *consciousness* of purpose, and only a vague striving towards some unformulated end. But the striving would be persistent and ceaseless ; the purpose would be an increasing purpose ; and the end it was striving to achieve would become increasingly apparent as, in men, consciousness of this Great Purpose which animates the whole organic world becomes more and more developed.

To illustrate the idea, we may take the case of the poet's mind. He has, at first, just the general disposition to write poetry. His mind is full of poetic possibilities ; but these are all now dormant and awaiting realisation. A vague feeling of unrest comes upon the poet. All the poetic tendencies seethe incessantly in his mind. He feels impelled to express the possibilities within him. And he puts forth an effort to achieve this end. At first his purpose is uncertain and ill-defined. He has no precisely-formulated plan beyond being vaguely impelled to express that which is within him. But the effort persists. He feels dissatisfied and unrestful till the end is achieved. And his purpose grows and increases. He is impelled to create one poem after another to more and more fully express the purpose

of his being. In each poem he strives to make each phrase and each word accurately express his meaning, rejecting word after word, and phrase after phrase, which is inadequate to his purpose. Finally, each word and each phrase go together to make the poem completely expressive. And all the poems together at last express—or nearly express—what at first was mere potentiality in the poet's mind. No one poem by itself fully expresses the poet, though it may be tinged by nearly all the possibilities within him. Each expresses him especially in a particular mood or disposition. But through all a single inspiration runs, and that inspiration is the impulse which came up from the very core of his being. And the end which he at first was so vaguely striving to achieve becomes revealed as we contemplate the poems in their connected whole.

Another illustration is furnished by the maternal impulse. At first, mother-love is neither evident nor definite nor strong. It is simply a latent possibility in a woman's mind. She has the disposition but nothing more. Then comes a restless fermentation. Love is awakening. A tender impulse begins imperceptibly to form. There is a vague striving after she knows not what. But the impulse grows, gathers strength, till it sweeps onward with irresistible force. She meets

with her affinity. She creates a little being of her own, and into the care of her child she pours forth all her strength. To it everything is sacrificed. To save his life she would willingly sacrifice her own. To bring him up for the best she sacrifices her health, her time, her energies, so tremendous is the impulse of a mother's love ; and it may be observed in animals as well as among mankind, and even in the plants in their care for their seeds. The end, inevident at first, even to the mother, becomes at last the most definite object of her every action.

In some such way as these we may imagine the great World-Spirit also working. If the poet, instead of creating poems which only inadequately fulfil his purpose, could create living poets to disseminate and elaborate his ideas, he undoubtedly would create them. But this seems to be how the World-Spirit works. Out of itself it evolves living persons. It expresses itself through living persons, and they carry on the work of turning the possibilities of the World-Spirit into actualities. In this sense only are we created by the World-Spirit, but we are, at the same time, part and parcel of that Spirit, as the poem though created by the poet is also part of his being

This World-Spirit is evidently made up of a multiplicity of tendencies all most intricately

interwoven with one another. We know from the experiences of our own individual minds how complicated these tendencies are, and we do not fully understand ourselves. We may assume, then, that to understand the Universal Mind, of which our own minds are only partial manifestations, will take untold ages. But as men and women of the most subtle intuition, of the most divining sympathy, address themselves to the task, and as their observations are tried and tested by the acutest intellects, we may hope to arrive at a fuller and fuller understanding. And we may, I think, already come to this conclusion, that the impelling Spirit within us, emanating from the vague primordial consciousness, does on the whole make for good. We have, I think I shall be able to show, reason to believe that *the motive principle* of the whole world-process is, in its innermost core and essence, *good.* The evolutionary process may or may not work out to the good. That depends upon conditions. But we shall find evidence that *what is striving to burst through and express itself in light is something which is wholly good.*

And, if this be so, then we may fitly trust it as our God, in place of the discarded Deity of our childhood. And prayer will be no whining for mercy and begging of personal favours, but will be

the implanting deep upon the inmost self the determination we have in mind; the pulling of ourselves together; the collecting of all our forces; the summoning up of the deepest reserves of our nature; the opening of our souls' flood-gates to the inpouring of the World-Spirit; and the giving out of ourselves in great gusts of aspiration after higher things. And equally when suffering comes upon us, and when we need strength for some tremendous task or inspiration for some high resolve, *these* will be the reserves which we will call to our aid, and *this* is the Spirit upon which we will rely. And we will rely upon the Spirit with all the greater confidence because we will be sure the same Spirit is also animating those around us.

Now to satisfy ourselves that there *is* such an impelling Spirit, that it is, in its inherent nature, good, and is striving for good, we must look within ourselves individually and collectively, and into the history of the whole world-process.

Firstly, in regard to ourselves: we are, any of us can feel, seething with tendencies and impulses inextricably mixed up with one another. Out of these we may detect a few main impulses which would include a host of minor impulses with them. We have, for example, the impulse to eat and drink and so *sustain* life. We have, again, the impulse

to avoid dangers and so *preserve* life. But overriding and transcending these there is still another. It rises far above the simple sustaining of self or preserving of self—it is the impulse to completely give away the self. It is the impulse which makes a woman gladly sacrifice her own life that her little one may live, and which makes men give away their lives for their country or a righteous cause.

There is that within us which impels us not simply to survive, but to fulfil ourselves. It may impel us to die, but it will impel us to fulfil the purpose of our being and that very best in us which is ever urging to expression. *It is the impulse which makes us feel we would rather die and have done our best than survive with the best undone.* The soldier going into battle certainly has the impulse to survive and would prefer to come out of the battle alive. But far overriding this is the stronger impulse still, which makes him gladly face death and prove his manhood rather than come out of the battle unscathed but with his manhood unfulfilled.

Similarly, the patriotic statesman, the ardent reformer, the high-souled artist willingly give themselves away. They sacrifice ease, and comfort, and pleasure, health and life itself, rather than preserve themselves.

All these feel no call to *save* themselves. But

they do feel an utterly irresistible impulse to *fulfil* themselves, to fulfil the purpose of their being. They feel that within them which will not rest till it has found expression. And they never rest. For no man has ever yet felt that he has completely fulfilled himself. There is too much of good in the very least of us ever to be fully expressed. We want to be ever surpassing ourselves. We know we have never yet come up to the best that is in us. We know we never shall, in the present life at least: the time is too short and the conditions too hard. But we do feel that we have within us the promise and the potency of better things. We feel that we could see more beauties and perhaps create more. And we feel that we could love with a finer, sweeter, purer love. With more favourable conditions around us, we know that we could be better. We have it within us to be better. And we all of us have, or have had at some period in our lives, the impulse and desire to be better. We each of us, even if only in a transient moment, have experienced an

> "impulse from the distance
> Of our deepest, best existence"

—which does make for higher things. And it is an impulse of this nature to which I refer.

. . . . . .

The origin and development of the human race, and of the whole animal and vegetable kingdom, furnishes further evidence of this inherent spirit striving towards the good.

Few of us know in detail the pedigree of our descent for more than two or three hundred years. Hardly one in a million knows it for a thousand years. Even of the whole Anglo-Saxon people we know the descent for less than three thousand years. We know that we came from primitive tribes inhabiting Central Europe, and there our definite information ends. Egyptian, Assyrian, Indian, and Chinese civilisations can look back a few thousand years further than we can ; but even they cannot trace their descent for ten thousand years, and then all is hidden in mist and mystery. Yet it is an established fact that man was for two or three hundred thousand years maturing before even these civilisations emerged into being. Like all of us Anglo-Saxons, the great civilisations of Greece and Rome, Egypt and Assyria, and our most ancient monarchies, our proudest nobles, our greatest men—even Jesus, Buddha, and Mohammed—all have taken their descent far away back from primitive barbarians and rude prehistoric men. The likes of our distant ancestors we can see in the wild jungle-men of the present day.

But we know that even here our pedigree does

not stop. These remote ancestors did not spring suddenly into being—dropped down from the skies, or shot up from below like the sprite through a trap-door in the pantomime. They, again, in their turn had their origin in something further back still. These ape-like men were descended from men-like apes, and these from tree-inhabiting monkeys and lemurs, then back again from reptiles, from fishes, and so on, back and back through not hundreds of thousands of years, but through millions of years, through perhaps a hundred million years, till we reach those primal specks of colourless, jelly-like protoplasm, no bigger than a pin-point, from which all life, both animal and vegetable, first sprang.

Each of us is directly descended from those original specks of protoplasm. We, everyone of us, can trace our descent back through these hundred million years to that primordial origin. Each of us, the cleverest man and the most lovely woman, has within him the blood of these primitive barbarians, these apes, and these still lower animals. And herein lies our hope. We have not fallen from a high state. We are on the rise. We are *ascending*. And if such beautiful and gentle personalities as to-day exist have at length emerged from all that horrid background, this is sure and certain evidence of a great spiritual

impulse ever seeking to force itself into expression in something that is good. Natural selection alone could not have produced this result. Darwin never stated that it did. Natural selection selects from variations, but it does not cause or create variation. An impulse to vary must exist before variation can arise. An examiner can select the boy best fitted for a prize if the impulse to excel exists among the boys. But if no such impulse exists, he is as likely as not to select the least fitted, the one who by mere chance happened to do the best paper.

If there had been no other principle at work than natural selection and the survival of the fittest, no advances would have been made beyond the simplest forms of life. For they are fitter to survive than anything which has succeeded them. They are the very fittest of all to survive, for they *have* survived. They never die. While higher forms of life have succumbed, they have survived from the time life first appeared on earth. It was not the fitness to survive which caused the advance to be made. There must have been in the very nature of things that which *impelled* them to something *more* than survival. This something evidently did not mind if the beings who expressed it did *not* survive, as long as they expressed it better than could the original forms.

Nor was it any principle of adaptation to surroundings which was the chief cause at work. For here, again, the lowest forms of life are much better adapted to their surroundings than the higher forms. Men are *not* so adapted to their surroundings as are the simplest forms of life to theirs. And here, too, there has been an impulse at work, pressing to something more than mere adaptation to surroundings. We have that within us which will not let us remain slaves to our surroundings and lie abjectly under their heel. There is something which will not let us leave the surroundings in the master position and ourselves accept the position of merely adapting ourselves to our masters. We are impelled to take the *upper* position—not to remain at the mercy of our surroundings, but *to master our surroundings*. The ardent benefactor of humanity does not adapt himself to his surroundings: he rises superior to them. He whom we admire most of all rose far, far above his petty surroundings. He refused to be mastered by them, though it meant the loss of his own life.

If living things had had no impulse to do more than adapt themselves to their surroundings, they would never have risen above their first original form.

Taking, then, a comprehensive view of the whole

life-process, may we not conclude that there has been working through all from the first and to the present day a mighty impulse urging life forward, pushing its way through to something better and higher? When we see that the greatest heroes of humanity, and the most beautiful women, have all ascended, directly step by step, from primitive savages, from apes and from uglier ancestors still, and right away back from mere specks of slime, we know that there must have been some force of tremendous strength to have overcome the stupendous obstacles on the way and produced results so sublime. Neither the principles of natural selection, the survival of the fittest, nor adaptation to surroundings, will alone account for the emergence of the good and the beautiful. Nature can only select from among the variations which are produced, and those produced will vary in countless numbers of ways. But as to the reason why among all the different variations some should be *better* than others, naturalists have not yet been able to give any other answer than that the reason must be in the very nature of the things themselves. We throw up dice and they will fall in a number of different ways, and Nature could select from each of these varieties. But this selection would not involve an advance to anything beyond dice. That in life variations occur *superior* to anything

which before existed is evidence that in the living beings themselves there must have been some impulse persistently impelling them upward. And when we see that from the original general level of simplest animalcules only just able to absorb nutriment, to grow, and to divide, there has emerged a being with the brain of Shakespeare, with the spirituality of those great religious leaders of mankind, and with the beauty and affection of women, then we may conclude, may we not ? that that impulse which is ever striving forward to some distant end must be in its essential nature good.

Even in the plant world we see evidence of this impulse, and evidence of the essential goodness of its nature. Plants and trees were, like ourselves, derived from microscopic specks of slime-like protoplasm—perhaps from the very same original speck in which life first appeared on earth. The plants as well as ourselves and the animals have a common ancestry. But from whence else than an impulse towards good did the beauty of the flowers arise ? Natural selection will select out the flowers best fitted to survive when fresh variations have arisen. The flowers which by their shape, or their colour, or their smell, are best fitted to attract moths and bees to fertilise them will survive. Others will be unproductive and die off. This is true. But if in these plants there is no impulse to produce

varied forms and different shades of colour, there will be nothing on which natural selection can operate. That all these exquisite forms arise is surely evidence enough that in the flowers also an impulse to the beautiful is finding its expression. Are not our flower shows a splendid proof of its existence? We gather plants from the wild parts of the earth, put them in favourable conditions, and beauty wells up in inexhaustible fountains. A Temple flower show glows with greater glory every year. The reason is clear. The spirit of beauty has been given the opportunity of disclosing itself. It is ever working within the plants. The conditions for its unfolding are provided, and the inherent beauty emerges into light. One more evidence has been furnished of the existence in the inherent nature of things of an impulse striving towards what is good.

But the most remarkable evidence for the existence of this impulse is to be found in religious revivals. In all parts of the world there periodically occur fiery eruptions of stupendous spiritual fervour. They are generally associated with some special individual; but that individual is as much the product as the creator of these movements. He and the mass act and react upon one another.

The most notable revival which I have myself observed was the Welsh Revival of 1905, with which the name of Evan Roberts will always be connected. Here was evidently some terrific spiritual influence at work. I arrived one night at a chapel an hour before the time announced for a meeting, and the place was already full. People were sitting in their places quietly awaiting the Revivalist, talking to one another or praying, when suddenly a man in the gallery ejaculated "O God!" in such heart-piercing accents that what seemed like an electric shock went stinging through the chapel. In an instant all felt tightly held in some vehement spiritual tension. Men prayed aloud with all self-consciousness completely swept aside. They poured out their whole souls in utter disregard of other men's existence. Conventional clergymen occasionally offered up some stilted prayer. But these were as dry sticks beside a living, swaying tree. Then prayer would give way to song. A note would be struck in a prayer which would send the meeting off singing some well-known hymn. And here, again, the ordinary routine Church singing was to this as water is to wine. Church singing is utterly empty and colourless compared with the heart-stirring strains of these spontaneous hymns.

Neither Melba, nor Tetrazzini, nor Clara Butt have stirred me as did the beautiful voice of a Welsh girl who put her whole soul into every word and note, and sent waves of spiritual ecstasy thrilling through the meeting.

The strain almost reached breaking-point. Men were wrenched and overturned by some mighty force. Men, women, and even little children got up and said they would burst if they could not speak. Then something within would snap; and in prayer, or in song, or in confession, they would pour themselves forth with an ease and a fluency and a compelling sincerity which no preacher or orator could approach. Yet it was ascertained that after the meeting they had not the slightest remembrance of what they had said. Their whole work-a-day selves had been swept aside, and their deep, inner, unknown selves had come surging to the surface and had spoken with the directness and conviction to which only the deeper self can attain. Men cried aloud, they wept, they laughed with joy. And when someone asked for heaven, a radiant girl shouted out, "It is here! It is now!"

And so it was. All too soon the fervour subsided. Men had to go back to their ordinary lives, and in the present condition of the world the beautiful spiritual impulses were soon damped

down and crusted over. Yet for the time being there *was* heaven, and this is the main point which I wish to note. Men, for the time, were in such a state of spiritual exaltation, they felt as if all the baseness, the callousness, and the coldness of life were fused in a holy fire ; as if it would be utterly impossible to ever again be deceitful, or lustful, or mean ; and as if they were absolutely at one with one another. They were intoxicated with joy ; and they were filled with a force so overwhelming they believed they could carry away the whole of mankind. Evan Roberts thought he would convert the whole world.

How this phenomenon arises, why it emanates from time to time in these overwhelming gusts of spiritual fervour, we can no more say than we can say how love arises, or why it carries us so irresistibly along. If we could learn to excite it at will and turn it to our purposes, we might have mastered the very secret of life. At present we can only mark and note it. But we can, at least, recognise its extreme importance to human progress, and study its manifestations.

It was not for some days after that I was myself struck by the full force of this tremendous spiritual impulse. Then it came on me with such terrific force I had to struggle with all

my might to keep it down. It surged through me with such intensity I could not have borne it a moment longer. And when it at last calmed down, it left me in such a state of ecstatic exaltation, I felt as if I were in love with every man and woman in the world. All life seemed of one rose-coloured hue and intensely bright. The troubles and trials of life appeared mere trivialities. All sordidness and baseness was shot through with a radiance that utterly purified their dross. And heaven seemed for the moment established here on earth.

Such experiences do not last: they soon pass away. But that they *occur* is the point here to note. They are evidence that working within men there is an impulse of tremendous potency which is, in its pith and essence, purely good. The conditions of existence may be too hard for this impulse to fulfil its splendid purpose now; but that it exists, and is good, there is no doubt.

Whether we look within ourselves, whether we observe other individuals, and masses of men, or whether we trace the history of mankind, the animals and the plants, we see everywhere evidence of an inherent, impelling spirit, and evidence that that impulse strives for what is good.

The existence of an outside Providence who

created us, who watches over us, and who guides our lives like a Merciful Father, we have found impossible longer to believe in. But of the existence of a Holy Spirit radiating upward through all animate beings, and finding its fullest expression, in man in love, and in the flowers in beauty, we can be as certain as of anything in the world.

This fiery spiritual impulsion at the centre and the source of things, ever burning in us, is the supremely important factor in our existence. It does not always attain to light. In many directions it fails : the conditions are too hard and it is utterly blocked. In others it only partially succeeds. But in a few it bursts forth into radiant light. There are few who in some heavenly moment of their lives have not been conscious of its presence. We may not be able to give it outward expression, but we know that it is there. And where it comes most perfectly to light may not be in the great men of the earth or in the most renowned, but in simple, unknown lovers. Men and women whose loves may be unknown to any than themselves may, in supreme moments, have reached heights higher even than Jesus reached.

FAITH IN OURSELVES

Now if we men are thus imbued with a mighty World-Spirit ; if we are each manifestations and expressions of that spirit ; then we may reasonably have faith in *ourselves*. We may safely rely on ourselves rather than lean on any outside Providence. We may well think more highly of ourselves than we were wont to think. We will admire the vast scale on which Nature works. We will wonder at the incredible number of the stars ; at their unrealisable distances ; and at the æons of time they have taken to evolve. We will realise that our planet is but as a speck of sand by the seashore in comparison with the entire universe ; but as a drop of water to the ocean. And the contemplation of these tremendous magnitudes will expand the mind ; but it need not depress and humiliate spirit. For we will remember this : that quality counts for more than quantity, and that in all we see and know there is nothing higher than ourselves. And we will further remember that we have been gradually

acquiring a completer mastery over Nature, and are learning to utilise her forces to our own ends.

Wonderful it is to think that the stars may be numbered, not in thousands, but in hundreds of millions, and that the number goes on increasing as our telescopes are made more powerful and our photographic plates more sensitive; to think that some are a hundred thousand million million million miles away, and perhaps further still; that the very nearest is yet so distant that light, travelling at the rate of 185,000 miles a second, takes $4\frac{1}{2}$ years to reach the earth, and that from some of the furthest light travelling at the self-same rate, equivalent to a velocity nearly eight times round the equator every second, must have started in the Middle Ages to be with us to-day. And quite natural is it to feel dumb with wonder as we survey the surpassing majesty of the Himalayan heights, and reflect that these stupendous mountains, amid which we appear as insignificant ants, are to the whole earth as the roughnesses on the surface of an orange are to the whole fruit; that the earth itself is to the sun as a pea beside a football; that there are stars, like Arcturus, thousands of times greater than the sun, and that some of these colossal masses are hurtling through space at the

rate of many thousands of miles an hour—some at over a million miles.

Yet these reflections, while they may produce upon us a sense of the giant grandeur of the universe to which we belong, need not overwhelm us with any feeling of our own insignificance in comparison ; for if we look *within* ourselves we will discover greater marvels still. In mere size man is, of course, utterly insignificant in comparison, but in all else he is incomparably greater. Even in his body there is what is just as wonderful as anything in the stellar universe. Purely as a machine, what is more wonderful than the human body ? A marvellous automaton is sometimes constructed by a conjurer which will counterfeit many of the movements of a human being ; but who would ever construct an automaton which would fully carry out even the external movements of a man—an automaton which on being wound up could run, jump, and throw a ball or perform the usual movements which a man carries on without noticing ? These outward movements are marvellous enough, but yet more wonderful is the internal mechanism of the human body by which it breaks up material substances into the component parts, rejects what it does not want, and builds up the remainder into new forms which it can adapt to its own use ; liberating

energy in one direction and locking it up in another ; carrying on a perpetual exchange between the dead and the living world ; taking in food and air and water, decomposing them, and taking from each the energy which is required for the maintenance of life. And most remarkable of all in this mechanism of the body is the regulating arrangements by which thousands of messages every minute are taken in by the central-telephone-exchange-like brain from the interior of the body or from the outside world, and transmitted unerringly through the finest nerve-fibres to their proper destination in any part of the body.

If some superhuman being were to construct such an automaton which could carry on these multifarious functions, and were to set it up and set it working before our eyes, we might well marvel. But the extraordinary thing is, that the human machine is not made but grows by itself, and grows from a minute globule only a hundredth part of an inch in diameter. From a speck nothing like as big as a full stop on this page, each human being has grown into the marvellously complex piece of mechanism which we have just been contemplating. The single original cell, by its own inherent impulse and by its capacity for altering material and energy from outside, builds up the entire structure. It grows and divides.

Its divisions grow and divide. These sub-divisions grow and divide; and so on, till at last the full-grown human body is complete and forms a single unity of myriads and myriads of microscopic cells, each with its special functions, and each an independent little living organism in itself, with its physical, chemical, and vital activities and even rudimentary mind, all working unitedly together for one great purpose—the maintenance of the whole complete man. So that when a portion of the human machine is injured, the cells set to work to repair the injury. When the leg of a table is broken nothing will make the two pieces join together again. But when the leg of a man is broken the two pieces have merely to be kept close to each other and they will join together as strong as ever by themselves.

But the marvels of the human body do not end here. The telescope has revealed the wonders of the stellar universe, but the microscope reveals no less wonders in the atomic world. It seems almost incredible that a little speck of jelly-like protoplasm, not as big as a full stop, should contain all the minutest characteristics of one or other parent—the colour of the eyes, the shade of the hair, the smallest turn of expression, and even the mental and moral disposition, the inclination to be musical or the tendency to drink. But incredible

as this seems, it does appear a shade less incredible when we find what the microscope and mathematical calculation tell us of the nature of the cells, the living bricks of which the human structure is built. We find, then, that even the minute cell is an intricate system of particles vastly smaller still. A cell is small, yet it contains millions upon millions of molecules each in incessant motion, and each made up of at least two atoms. And even the atom is not the ultimate particle of matter we can reach. For each atom is itself a system. It is composed of from 1700 to 300,000 electrons revolving round and round its centre. So that the cells, minute as they are, are really complicated systems of particles unimaginably minuter still.

And it is not the mere minuteness of the particles of which the human body—and, indeed, the whole universe—is composed that is the most noteworthy point. What is so especially remarkable is the stupendous energy which is locked up in each atom. Each electron bears to the complete atom the proportion of a speck of dust to a room. But it whirls around the centre with an inconceivable velocity. Many thousands of millions of millions of times in every second it completes the circuit. So that what looks like perfect immobility is in reality rapidity of motion beyond all concep-

tion. The particles revolve with such velocity round the centre that they give the appearance of solidity. This has been calculated to mean that the energy so locked up in an atom is, mass for mass, a million times greater than the energy given out by the most violent explosive known.

The cell is built up of millions and millions of these atoms of the various elements associated with molecules. The human body is again a marvellously organised system of myriads of cells of different types. We see, then, that it really is a conglomeration of the minutest particles conceivable, each rotating with incredible velocity, and indicating an energy sufficient to work a whole line of steamships. The human body is a seat of incessant, perpetual motion of extreme rapidity, and is the reservoir of tremendous energy.

The crowning marvel of man has, however, yet to be mentioned. Man is not only marvellous in the mechanism, construction, and growth of his body, and in the enormous potential energy which that body contains. Man is still more wonderful for his mind—for the fact that he can direct this body to any purpose he may will. Regarded as an automatic machine, man would be wonderful. But when this machine can act not merely like clockwork according as it is wound up, but of its own free will and purpose, can be aware of itself,

can determine what to do, and do what it determines, then is the crowning marvel reached. And when we see that it can turn on Nature, use the laws of Nature for its own account, control and utilise natural energy, master the animal and plant world, and make animals and plants breed to types he wants, then at last we feel that man is not the insignificant mite he appears when he stands beside the mountains in the presence of the stars ; but that neither star nor mountain can equal him in all that constitutes real greatness, and that in the entire universe no greater thing than man has ever yet been found.

Hitherto we have been so accustomed to look upon ourselves as poor miserable sinners that we have not realised our greatness. We have been so used to abjecting ourselves before a Being of our own imagination and submitting to his supposed will, that we have let our own wills be atrophied. *We have been so impressed with the idea that we have fallen from some high estate, that we do not yet understand that we have risen from a lower, and risen by our own inherent goodness. From all these causes we think less of ourselves than we are entitled to think. Ana, in consequence, we do not make the most of what is within us, or aaequately fulfil the purpose of our being.*

If we deliberately examine ourselves and precisely investigate our powers, we find that far below the outward surface unexpected depths reveal themselves. We mark this especially on those occasions when we have to make some momentous decision affecting the whole future course of our lives. The weight of immense responsibility presses hard upon us and forces out all our latent possibilities to meet the crisis. We argue out the alternative courses with ourselves. We argue them out with others. We listen to all the reasons given, and they all seem adequate enough. But, then, from deep within us comes our own decision. It may be opposed to all the arguments our friends have used, and we can formulate no argument in its support. We know not how it was come by. We only know that *for us* no other decision was possible.

Experiences like this reveal to us the existence of greater depth within us than we had believed existed. The superficial portion of ourselves which carries on the ordinary business of everyday life is not the *whole* self. There is a much deeper portion which only occasionally reveals itself. We all know that there are about nine times as much iceberg below the surface as we see above the sea-level. And it is very much the same with ourselves. The superficial portion is all that

is usually in evidence. But we must not judge ourselves and others must not judge us by that alone. For it is the whole ten-tenths and not the superficial one-tenth which decides and acts on great occasions.

A classical instance of such action is the case of Walt Whitman. Emerson urged him to leave out certain poems. Whitman thought the matter over, listened to all Emerson's arguments, discussed them for two hours, and acknowledged he could not answer them, but yet decided to publish the poems because his whole self demanded this action. It affected his whole life, for the poems were his life, and he felt it impossible to do otherwise.

In the great moments of our lives we similarly feel immeasurable depths and capacities within us. In some sudden emergency, or in a great crisis, or under some powerful emotion, we do things which astonish ourselves. The superficial portion of ourselves is swept away or merged in the great fundamental self, which comes rushing to the surface. We then feel that we are not fallen sinners but potential heroes. Such moments are rare and quickly pass. But when they come we see in a flash the depths within us. And we feel that if we had only opportunity and scope and room and air, if only the conditions around us were more favourable, we have that within us

which would make others also see that we are greater far than they had ever supposed. All of us feel this at some moment in our lives. Our inherent capacities may only once or twice in a lifetime reveal themselves to us, but we know ever after that they are there. We are not worms : we are men. We are not submissive slaves : we are self-reliant free men. We are not mites in the universe : we are the greatest thing the universe has yet disclosed.

We may thus with confidence rely upon ourselves. But when I say this, I do not mean that each must rely upon himself *alone*. This would be self-reliance carried to excess. I mean that each may rely upon himself *and* upon those about him ; and possibly also upon the spirits of the departed ; but *not* upon any external Omnipotent Being.

And men do in practice rely on themselves and on those about them. When I was about to lead a mission to Tibet I felt confident of success, not because I believed I was sent by any external Being and could rely on him, but because I had confidence in myself and in my fellow-men, and believed we were acting under that constraining influence so palpable in the affairs of men which is evidently, on the whole, making for what is good. I had confidence in myself because I was

being asked to do what lay exactly in my own particular bent. If I had been asked to lead the Queen's Hall orchestra, I should have had no such confidence in myself. But each man has a particular line along which he feels he can work well, and when he is able to work along that line, he has confidence in himself, and feels that he will be successful. So it was with me when I was asked to lead a mission to Tibet. I had, during my life, previously chosen that kind of work to do whenever choice was possible to me. I had previously been successful at it. I had had considerable experience ; and I felt I had grounds for confidence in my ability to lead a mission to Tibet, which I would have been quite unjustified in having if I had been asked to lead an orchestra.

Yet I knew just as certainly that I could not be successful if I relied on myself alone. Anyone who has led great enterprises knows how dependent he is on those about him and on those who send him. I had the greatest possible confidence in the Viceroy who sent me. He had himself selected me for the mission. He was a man who knew his own mind ; he knew what he wanted in sending me, and I knew he would support me through thick and thin in getting it. He would not abandon me at the crucial moment as Gordon was abandoned. Whenever the crisis came he

would redouble his efforts to support me. Similarly with those about me. They were men specially chosen for the particular work in hand, and I could place absolute reliance on them. I would have been doubtful of success if the members of my staff had been chosen from among the Queen's Hall orchestra. But as they were men of frontier experience, I felt justified in trusting them.

Like experiences can be met with any day, or observed in any biography. In carrying out great enterprises men can and do rely on themselves, and on those they have to work with. And they do also feel a constraining influence impelling them onward. England expects that every man shall do his duty. Each man at Trafalgar felt the spirit of England working within him. The spirit of all Englishmen past and present was impelling him to do his utmost. So also men feel the spirit of mankind constraining them in great works for the welfare of mankind. They realise that there is something within them and within those about them capacitating them for undreamed-of deeds.

And they perform these deeds, which to men's sober judgment would appear impossible, because they rely on that spirit which they feel is animating themselves and those about them. They know that their ordinary, everyday self is

incapable of these great tasks. But they know also that there are great deeps within them from which reserves of strength come welling up in great emergencies. They know that these depths are open to the inflow of the World-Spirit; and they know also that their fellow-workers are likewise being carried along by the same constraining impulse. And so it is that the "impossible" is achieved.

In the great work of the world men do in practice rely upon themselves and one another. And so also may they in time of trouble. Men are so closely knit together and are becoming so increasingly sensitive to each other's feelings, that what hurts one hurts all, and all are eager to help the injured. I will take the instance of my own particular trouble, because it is so thoroughly typical of the way in which men do help the one who is down; and also because I particularly wish to acknowledge the abounding kindness shown me. For so deep was the impress this kindness made upon me, that it has wholly obliterated my many sufferings from my memory, and profoundly affected my whole outlook upon life.

The instant the accident occurred there was a rush to my assistance. I remember vividly the scared faces of the occupants of the car, and then

men crowding round to help me. A strong, careful man, trained in hospital work, who happened to be near, lifted me under the shoulders and, with the aid of my companion, placed me in the car and drove me to the hotel. Then the manager, porters, and maids busied themselves to help me and provide me with every comfort. Most valuable of all was my wife's loving care in at once securing the best doctors and telegraphing to London for a nurse. Her faithful maid, Woolford, too, was indefatigable in her care and attention.

Very remarkable, also, was the sympathy shown by people in the hotel whom I had never met before. They spoke to me as kindly as if they had known me all my life. What is more, I felt as if they had. And not only English visitors but the Belgian residents also showed the most touching interest in my misfortune. The Burgomaster placed his own motor-car at my wife's disposal. And when I left the hotel on the morning after the accident, all the visitors to the hotel and the hotel establishment showed the utmost feeling. One lady really put courage into me by telling me what courage I was showing. The faces of all and the feeling in their voices showed their intense pity for me, and the earnestness of their wish to help me. And from now onward I felt myself increasingly sensitive to every

emotion and deeply responsive to any impression. The shell in which I was, like others, encased for the hard business of the world was broken through, and as they approached me, others also seemed to set aside their shells. The bare souls were exposed ; and of warm human love and sympathy I had more than I had ever dreamed possible should be given me. It was a wonderful experience : one of the two or three great experiences of my lifetime. To an intense degree I felt the oneness of all humanity. As I lay at death's door I was extraordinarily susceptible to every touch and shade of human feeling. In some unknown way, I seemed to touch heart to heart with every human being. Ordinary differences and barriers there might be ; but these all disappeared. And then, while I lay in an obscure sanatorium in Belgium, there came from nearly every country and from every grade of men the kindliest and most affectionate messages of sympathy. From the King and Queen Alexandra, and other members of the Royal Family ; from Maharajas in India ; from a Royal Duke in Italy ; from the Secretary of State for India ; from scientific societies and my old school, Clifton College ; from friends in France and Germany, in Canada and in South Africa, as well as from numberless friends and relations at home ; from a private soldier who

was with me in Tibet, and who expressed his sympathy at my "being pinked just when one least expects it"; from Indian gentlemen and office clerks; from friends whom I had not heard of for years—from all these telegrams and letters came pouring in. And what was so inexpressibly touching was the intense depth of feeling which they disclosed. It was a revelation such as it was worth all my suffering to experience. Men and women whom I had never for a moment suspected had more than the ordinary regard for me, and whom I had believed looked upon me as an every-day, commonplace acquaintance, showed such affectionate sympathy for me in my misfortune as to alter my whole view of mankind. And my friends not merely telegraphed or wrote constantly, they thought out anxiously all possible ways of helping me; and when I arrived in England, for months sent regularly flowers, fruit, game, books, air-cushions, water-cushions, pillows, book-holders—anything they could think of to lighten my suffering. My room was filled with the most beautiful flowers, and I always had more than I could possibly eat of the choicest peaches, grapes, and pears. The depth and volume of the sympathy which came pouring in was touching to a degree. I should have felt it profoundly at any time; but now, when I was so peculiarly

susceptible to every impression, I was just carried away with emotion. I felt I could never again think hardly of a single human being. The slightest reflection on anyone touched me to the quick.

But besides receiving sympathy, I was also able to rely on the practical efficiency of men. Sympathy—even the most loving—is insufficient. It may and should be, and, fortunately in the case of those who attended me, *was* behind the practical efficiency. But by itself it does not avail. And it was when the English surgeon and doctor arrived, and when I was on the verge of death, that I most fully realised the value of efficiency, trained intelligence, and capacity, and what these things really were. I made no attempt to rely on any outside Being, but I did most whole-heartedly rely on these men, and, as I could do little to help myself, I tried at least to aid them in helping me. For my experience is that men help those who help themselves. Even if a man can make only an infinitesimal effort, yet if he *does* make that effort, men will most readily and willingly help him.

I was suffering agonies of pain from my leg when Mr Clayton Green arrived. I told him that if all this pain was unavoidable I would stand it as best I could, but that if it *could* be

assuaged or prevented I should be very grateful if he would prevent it. His words in reply, and his strong, firm, confident look are stamped into me so that I shall never forget them. "It *must* be removed, it *can* be removed, and it *shall* be removed," he said, and then for an hour he concentrated his whole attention and threw his whole self into the matter of minimising my pain. He spoke little, but examined everything —the position of the bed, how my leg rested, what touched it, every little detail. In the end the pain was lessened and my confidence was justified. Subsequently, I had to place myself in his hands for one great and two lesser operations. I did so unhesitatingly, and to him and the very efficient London nurses I owe it that my leg was saved. Some may say that it was an outside Providence who saved it, but those who say so would also have to admit that it was the same Providence who *broke* it. A more tenable proposition is that it was the carelessness of man which broke it, and the efficiency of man which saved it.

And not only my leg but my life also I owe to the efficiency of man. When I lay stricken with pneumonia, not knowing what it was, but feeling myself getting worse and worse, feeling something tugging at me and forcing me to

gasp for every breath, Sir John Broadbent entered my room, and again I felt the relief of a strong efficient man devoting his whole mind to my care. Here, again, was a man to be relied on. He, too, I felt, focussed his whole attention and his entire self upon my needs. I felt his learning and his experience, and I saw that he paid attention to the smallest detail—even the position of my pillows. On one occasion he seized me tightly in his arms and seemed to literally hold me together when I appeared to be falling to pieces. He weighed everything, formed his decision, and relief came.

Hardly less do I owe to the devoted nurses who attended me. What their efficient sympathy can be only those can say who have been laid absolutely low, and who have had the very best English nurses. To me, who since childhood had never been seriously ill, it was a revelation. In a superlative degree both efficiency and sympathy were here combined. With long experience of illness, with trained intelligence, with sure intuition and with lightning promptness, they were able to afford the most efficient relief; and with their warm, womanly sympathy to sustain hope and courage through long days and weeks of agony.

I may have recovered equally well if I had

relied on Providence. But I myself would most emphatically say that it was the efficient help and sympathy of man which saved me.

I have given my own experience in a time of great bodily suffering as a testimony to the reliance which we can place upon our fellow-men. And in all the perplexities and crosses of daily existence, and in the deep tragedies of life, most men's experience is surely also that they can rely on one another? Who has not known some splendid instance of that true, strong sympathy which enables us to endure the ills of life? The weak and will-less sentimentalism we too commonly see, but it only nauseates us. We have no taste for that sickly product. But we do find also cases of that superb and efficient sympathy, when the clear head, and the warm heart, and the firm will all work together. We do meet sometimes one of those rare sensitive souls who can throw their whole selves into the sorrows of others; but who will yet keep the cool and discriminating head and the steady judgment to decide the right course to advise; and have the strong will to support the afflicted along the difficult path he may have to follow. We do know of women responsive to every word and glance

and motion, who intuitively and instinctively understand another's feelings; who will frankly admit and say how *sorry* they are even for the other's faults and failings; but who will go further than merely expressing sorrow; and will have the clear brain to think out a course for him to follow, and the courage and will to pour into him fresh stores of strength and purpose to enable him to follow it. Such sympathisers are rare but they exist, and their very existence gives hope that they may increase in the generations to come.

My personal experience in life generally and in a time of great bodily suffering in particular is, then, that men *can* rely upon one another in time of need. I was thoroughly aware in the time of my greatest success and in the time of my severest suffering; when I was receiving most sympathy in prosperity and most sympathy in affliction; that men are not all and not always so kindly and so sympathetic as they then showed themselves—that there is antipathy as well as sympathy among men. But I knew still more certainly that underneath all the hardness of men, behind all their envies and jealousies, deeper still than their quite legitimate and praiseworthy struggling and opposition, there is a fundamental *unity*. And it is

the existence of this deep-rooted basic unity among men which gives us confidence in relying upon one another both in success and in adversity.

Conflict there must always be. It is a mistake to suppose that we shall ever be able to get on without vehement and strenuous struggling. Individuality has to be fought for and has to be defended. And the more developed the individuality the more discord between the individuals there is likely to be, whether the individuals be men or nations. And to maintain and develop their individualities men will have to sharpen their weapons for defence and still more for offence. To cut a way through for themselves or for their ideas they must be ready and efficient to attack. Men in practical life realise this and fit themselves for struggle. What they often do not realise is that with all the discord there is a fundamental unity. There may be differences ; but there is, also, a *unity* of differences. *The opposition is sufficient to preserve the differences but not too great to prevent the unity.*

Men are so absorbed in struggles with one another that they may never realise how closely all the time they may be united. For the paradox may be verified that the truer a man is to himself the more closely united is he to other men who are likewise true to *themselves*, though

they may differ absolutely and fundamentally from him. An Englishman and a Tibetan are as different from one another as two human beings well could be. They fight and struggle with one another with all their strength, but they find, in the end, that the *opposition* melts away while a unity reveals itself. Their common humanity comes into evidence. *Different* they will always remain, and they will become more and more different. But they will also find more and more *in common*. The opposition is the transient ; the unity is the permanent.

In national affairs we frequently observe evidences of this truth. Men are engaged in the tensest struggle with one another, and it is perfectly natural and right that they should be, for only so can progress be made. But in the very midst of their opposition an event occurs which suddenly shows them that all the time they were at bottom deeply united. They may have been totally unaware of this unity. They may have thought the opposition went down to the extremest depths of their natures. Yet a flash reveals that the union is deeper still. Two years ago the country was torn with the bitterest political controversy. Scarcely ever has there been such deep division between the two parties as there was over the House of Lords controversy.

At the same time in India sedition was rife. The people were openly antagonistic to British rule, and showed their hostility by frequent assassinations. And with the Germans we were on terms of almost declared hostility. Suddenly King Edward died, and instantly the political controversies appeared mere brawlings. Division of opinion might be acute, but the different parties realised that after all they were one people and that their union was deeper than all their opposition. The natives of India forgot their sedition and joined in the general grief and have ever since had a deeper feeling of unity with England. While the Germans and ourselves sank our differences, and appreciated the closeness of the ties which united us. We may have our rivalries and oppositions, but we feel a deep unity in spite of all. Those who will recall the time of King Edward's funeral will remember in what a striking and emphatic manner this unity was revealed. The whole world seemed united, and this union seemed the all-important thing; while the rivalries and oppositions seemed the ephemeral and surface manifestations.

Great natural catastrophes likewise bring out the oneness of humanity. In the Indian famine a million pounds sterling was subscribed by private charity. People in all parts of England worked garments for people in India they had never seen.

Englishmen and Indians risked their lives to save the famine-stricken. A great wave of sympathy from all over the world went out to the people of India. Their misfortune seemed the misfortune of the whole world.

Again, also, in the Messina earthquake the civilised world quivered with sympathy for the unfortunate victims, and sympathy took practical form in subscriptions for the distressed.

On such terrible occasions, when mankind is struck by a blow from the blind forces of Nature, men do feel the solidarity of the race. We may be of different nationality or creed or colour, but we feel a fundamental oneness. And as better communications are making the world smaller, and making different people more accessible to one another, and as, also, our sensitiveness to the joys and sorrows of others becomes acuter, we recognise more sensibly the invisible ties which bind us together. The suffering of one hurts all, and all are sympathetically impelled to alleviate the suffering of each.

Nor is this feeling of a common bondship confined to man. Year by year we are becoming more sensitive to the feelings of animals, and recognising more decisively that they, also, are bound up with us in some mutual fellowship. Dogs command almost as much affection as

human beings. The animals we utilise for domestic purposes we treat with increasing consideration, and with increasing vehemence we deprecate cruelty to animals of any kind. We feel with them some ties of kinship. And even with flowers we are beginning to feel sympathetic relationship. I once saw a botanist most tenderly replace a plant which he had inadvertently uprooted, though we were on a bleak hillside in Tibet where no human being was likely to see the flower again.

Men, then, are bound up with one another and even with the animals and plants. In spite of their constant opposition, their deeper solidarity becomes steadily more evident. They are being more and more impelled to one another's assistance. And although they continually struggle against one another, they do, as a fact, come to each other's aid in time of need, and in the great moments, both of private and public life, feel their essential oneness with the universe.

The view of life which holds that we can rely on ourselves and on one another because we are all members of a spiritual unity, and all alike imbued with the same impelling spirit, and animated by the same Great Purpose, is thus one which we may confidently maintain.

We will no longer think of ourselves as nameless units being moved about by some Great Organiser in furtherance of a definitely thought-out scheme. Nor will we regard ourselves as bricks being laid, each in its own appointed place, by some Great Artificer completing a long-since formulated plan of his own. Rather will we feel ourselves impelled by a spirit ever urging us to fulfil its purpose. So far this impulse has pushed blindly forward, all unconscious what its purpose was. At last in man is arising a consciousness of what this Great Purpose animating all living things exactly means. We are realising now that there *is* a purpose running through the whole world process ; and it rests with us to control the purpose and give it definite shape and direction, as a woman, when she realises the maternal impulse within her, shapes her action to fulfil most perfectly the purpose of her being.

The future, then, lies wide open before us. We are no longer oppressed by having to do the will of another : our wills are our own to do with as we will. *We can both choose what we will and do what we choose. We can mark out our own Goal and take our own line to that Goal.*

This is a standpoint which must profoundly affect our whole former attitude of mind. Its importance cannot be exaggerated. But it also

involves grave responsibility. To direct our lives aright we have to fix an Ideal, but to choose the highest Ideal we must know the relative value of things. Each of our actions has to be justified by the amount of good it will do; and what is the highest good we have therefore to determine. Herein is the difficulty and the responsibility. But only one method of choice is possible: we will esteem only those things good which on their own account, and not on account of their consequences, ought to exist. Of our experiences in life we will sift those which are intrinsically good and can be pursued for their own sake from those which are of merely subsidiary importance; and then what is of real value, for and in itself, we will lay hold of with all our strength, and strive by every means to perpetuate and intensify. Only thus should our Ideal be formed and only thus will it be realised.

THE IDEAL

As, during convalescence, I lay in long days and nights of thought, the dreams which had come to me in the mountains and in the desert, and in the great inspired moments of life, came to me once more. I was just returning from the brink of death, and the ideas of a lifetime sorted themselves out in my mind. What was real and what was of value stood out in sharp distinctness; what was only of temporary utility or utterly valueless dropped away. I had had a full life, with many varied experiences—as soldier, explorer, journalist, diplomatist, administrator; in India, China, Central Asia, and South Africa, as well as in Europe; and among Hindus, Mohammedans, and Buddhists, as well as Christians. I had had the good fortune to belong to an altogether perfect home. I had had the bad fortune to be very little in it—only eight years of the nineteen before I went out to India, and of those eight only three and a half above the age of five. In Tibet I had

achieved an acknowledged success. At other times I had incurred the usual amount of failures and reverses. I had often deliberately faced death, and had now only just escaped it. In the swift current of life there was a check. The waters were still, but deeper. The sediment dropped to the bottom, and the arrested current became clear like crystal.

There is at present in England, as in many other countries in Europe, a spirit which amply fulfils Nietzsche's injunction to "become hard." It is what he liked, the true spirit of fight: a virile, vital, forceful spirit, relentless, strenuous, determined. Among the younger leaders of the movement which is stirring Europe are men who have been trained and educated especially for the fight. With the precision and care of the man of science, they have mastered the conditions of the battlefield; they have settled a distinct objective; they have thought out clearly and with accurate knowledge the most ready way of obtaining that object; and they have steeled their wills to obtain it. As far as it goes, it is a splendid spirit to have abroad. It shows that the nations are alive. But the object, after all, is only the betterment of material conditions: the acquirement of higher wages, more roomy houses,

insurance against sickness, pensions in old age, etc.—all very worthy objects, but still not the highest to which a spirit, which has within it such potency of good, should be directed.

The improvement of the material conditions of life is most distinctly necessary. We have only to look from a railway carriage, as we pass through the slums of the great cities, to see how urgently improvement there is required. But after everyone of the poor has been made rich by making the rich poor; after each miner and each railwayman has been given his maximum wage for his minimum of work, and been lodged in a comfortable house, and provided for in sickness and old age, we have still to ask what he is to do with his life when the material conditions have thus been made fully satisfactory.

Material betterment can never be the final goal to which the efforts of men should be directed. It is, indeed, in Europe an all-absorbing topic. But in India the material conditions of life are regarded with subordinate consideration. There it is the commonest sight to see men throw aside even the few worldly advantages they have—money, position, home, clothing. The whole stress of thought is on the spiritual rather than on the material side of life. Possibly it may be so to too great an extent. Lofty spiritual attain-

ment may need a solid material base. I think it does. But the point is, that the betterment of material conditions can never be our ultimate ideal: it can only be a stepping-stone on which we can stand to reach something else. And what that something else should be we have to think clearly out for ourselves.

At the start we encounter this difficulty—that our views as to the relative importance and value of things vary with our moods. When we are engaged in hard practical work the little relations of private life seem small and insignificant. The engineer working on a scheme for an important railway, or engaged in constructing some great bridge or irrigation canal, absorbed in his work, realising the benefits it will confer, and feeling he is making the most of his capacities, is irked by the delicate relationships which unite one human heart with another. The statesman filled with vast schemes for the good of his country, his mind engrossed in public duties and responsibilities, his ears ringing with the cheers of great public meetings, feels, for the moment, the soft attachment of one human being to another as a trivial affair. The agitator, with his whole being set on a single object, regardless of every other consideration, intent on this one thing and this one thing only, incited to more strenuous effort by the very op-

position which he arouses, forced on, too, by the very expectations to which his own burning words give birth, thinks time, and thought, and energy wasted when devoted to the more delicate issues of life. Yet there are moments in the lives of the most practical engineer, the most ardent statesman, and the most fanatical agitator, when their keenest projects seem utter dross beside some private, inner experience. In the noonday zenith of a great love there seems no other life : all else seems mere existence. Before the joy of loving and being loved, the pang of loving and not being loved, or the bitter grief of death, the construction of a bridge, the passing of an Insurance Act, or the success of a strike seem paltry trivialities. The engineer appears only a glorified mechanic, the statesman a slave to party, and the agitator a common brawler. Infinitely more valuable than any bridge, or the passing of any political measure, appears the sweet love of the loved one. Thus our views must necessarily incline to vary with the circumstances of our lives. But in calm and leisure moments, when we are best able to view things in their proper light and proportion, we may well put to ourselves the question, what things are good and valuable in themselves, and not only as a means to some higher end or as a constituent of some higher good ?

When we were at school bodily strength was the object of our admiration. The athlete, the great runner, the football player, the captain of the eleven, were our heroes, and the studious boy was despised. As a matter of practical experience, captains of eleven do not often rise to distinction in life, while the nation is led by men who were obscure to the average schoolboy. Darwin, who was remarkable neither at games nor as a student, and who suffered from illness all his life, has affected the whole thought of mankind. Physical excellence does not deserve the foremost place which we, as schoolboys, gave it. Still, it is of value. Bodily health and strength count for much in life. The day of ascetics and sickly "souls" is gone. We want full-blooded men and women with all the verve and vim, the adhesiveness and attraction of abounding physical strength.

And passion, too, is required—deep, forceful, and irresistible. Though it must be jealously treasured in all its purity and intensity, and never dissipated. For from it one day will arise the most beautiful thing in life.

Nor must high-breeding be permitted to thin away *life*. Life as well as breeding is needed. Men too refined to live and love are too pale and weakly to excel. Women who are above deep feeling are not high enough for life and love.

Refinement should only bring *intensity* of feeling. True breeding should only *quicken* life. The thorough-bred horse is not more listless than the cart-horse. Its life is more intense. We want breeding because we want an intenser life. But we want the blazing glow of fire, not the cold glow of polish—even if the polish is of gold. It is of more value to be a woman than a lady, and to be a man than a gentleman. Over-refined ladies who are above being women, and gentlemen who are too bloodless to be men, are cast-off products which will never perpetuate themselves, and which we should never wish to see perpetuated.

Likewise, physical beauty is a thing of value to be cultivated, not despised and disregarded. Neglect of personal appearance, untidiness, uncleanliness, lack of grace and taste, does add to the ugliness of life and to that extent is to the bad. Care for what pleases the eyes of others does tend to the beautiful and to that extent is to the good.

Bodily fitness, full-bloodedness, physical beauty and grace, are always valuable constituents in an ideal, though they may not be ends in themselves.

Courage, again, is an early ideal. Everyone admires Nelson's courage. A man of pluck will always win the hearts of the English people. But courage is of various kinds ; and if we want

examples of mere brute, physical courage we shall see the finest among the animals and uncivilised men. A wild boar has more pluck than any man. A tiger fears him. And among men, native hunters, armed with spears only, will face tigers and lions as fearlessly as any white man armed with a rifle. While I was shivering with fear on a slippery ice-slope overhanging a precipice, my native follower only laughed as he kicked fragments of ice down the slope and over the precipice into the abyss below.

Such courage we cannot help admiring. All feel the better for witnessing such strength and steadiness of nerve. It braces us up and straightens our backbones. Yet we know that there is a higher kind of courage than physical courage. We feel that moral courage is of a higher *degree*. And of moral courage, in its passive aspect, we cannot have better examples than those we see all around us, among those poor women, both of humble and of gentle birth, who have to struggle for a living against the fearful odds with which the world opposes them; women handicapped at the start by the physical drawbacks of their sex; who have not half the openings for obtaining a livelihood which are available for men, but who struggle

on, making light of their troubles, keeping their many sufferings to themselves, and presenting a bold front and a cheery face to the world. The courage to do this, day in and day out, and year after year, is as great as that displayed by any soldier or statesman in the public eye. Such courage is more needed by women than by men, and they possess it to a much greater degree.

But besides this passive courage, there is an active, *initiative* courage of a higher order still —the audacity and daring for which the French are especially renowned, and which risks *everything* to achieve some high purpose. The kind of daring which conquered the air and sent submarines under the sea. We need the stubborn, staying courage to hold our own amid the dangers which threaten us. But we need to do *more* than hold our own. We have to press on ahead. We have to force a way through all the encumbrances and entanglements which choke and smother our lives. We want to break a way upward into the light and air and sunshine. We want to force open our material fetters, and make ourselves masters instead of slaves of our material surroundings. We have to exploit those budding faculties of the mind foreshadowed in telepathy and clairvoyance. We

have to explore the unseen world and pierce through even death itself. In every possible way we have to free our intellects, our souls, and loves. And for all this, the highest mettle, the most finely-tempered courage, and daring of the most imaginative order are required. We need the daring of Magellan and the first bold circumnavigators, who in frail barks sailed on and on through unknown seas till the globe was rounded ; the daring of the Wright brothers who first ventured into the air and in machines of their own invention ; the daring of Christ who in the very Temple itself overturned the tables of the money-changers and attacked the most hoary traditions and the most privileged persons, and at the risk of life itself proclaimed a new way for men to follow.

Yet we know that courage even of this high order is not the *highest* thing at which we should aim. It may and should be an indispensable constituent in the ideal. But it is not in itself the highest thing. There are other things we admire in Christ even more than his amazing daring.

Power is another object of our ambitions. Most of us crave for Fame and Power. But Fame in itself is of no value. Whether it is

good or not depends on what we would be famous for. The assassination of a monarch secures world-wide fame to the murderer. But such fame is obviously of no real value. Similarly with Power. An Oriental despot has unlimited power, but when he uses it in torturing his subjects and does nothing for their welfare, Power is not good. Power in itself is not good. It is merely a means to an end.

For sheer power no one ever exceeded Napoleon; and no one was less domineering than Jesus. Yet we put Jesus on a higher pinnacle than we place Napoleon. And we do not place him there simply because he died to save us. For if he was the son of an Omnipotent God, he could not really have died, and his apparent death must have been a mere play. Or if, again, he knew as a positive and mathematical *certainty* that on dying he would leave a rude harsh world and enter a paradise of everlasting bliss, then dying would be nothing more than the first disagreeable sensation of taking an anæsthetic, and again we would have no special cause for praising him. Or yet, again, if as most men now believe, he was simply human like Buddha or Mohammed, Plato or any other of the great leaders of mankind, and if he could by dying save millions upon millions of human beings for thousands of years afterwards, there was still

nothing to call for *unusual* admiration in his dying to save us. Men die in thousands for their country, and we take it for granted that they will. We brand them as cowards if they will not. The captain goes down with the sinking ship as a matter of course. If anyone responsible escapes while others might be saved, men shame him for being among the survivors. Mothers — even animal-mothers—die for their offspring as a matter of course. And mankind has a right to expect that Jesus *would* have died if he really knew—which, however, he himself never said he did—that by dying he could save millions of human beings from everlasting torture. It is not for dying to save us that we place him on the highest pinnacle, though we *do* admire his courage in standing to his convictions even when they involved his death. What makes us put him in the highest place is the intense lovableness of his nature. Jesus reached the hearts of men, while Napoleon overrode their wills.

Yet Power, as a *means* to good, *is* required. Strong, masterful men *are* essential for the rough business of the world. Often it is only men of crushing strength who can force a way through the obstacles which impede humanity's progress. A Bismarck, a Rhodes, or a Roosevelt are as necessary for clearing a way as navvies are for

making a road. But we know all the time that masterfulnes on its own account and by itself is no good. And we judge the strong according as he uses his strength for good or for ill. What *is* the highest good we have, then, still to determine.

Fame and Honour we are told may come as they may. For them we should pay no regard. What we should strive to do is our Duty. When I was a boy I once with great effort broke through my reserve and said that I felt I should one day "do something." I was told in reply that I must try to do my duty. And I have not to this day forgotten how this reply chilled me. *Merely* to do my duty seemed so unsatisfying ; it seemed to so cage and confine me. And there is reason for this feeling. For duty is not an end in itself : it is only a means. It is a means for obtaining the best possible results ; and it is only one among many means.

The performance of duty, too, is often purely mechanical, a mere habit, and as such has no merit whatever. A clerk arrives punctually at his office every day. He never thinks that good will result from this, and he is punctual mechanically and by habit. Duties performed in this way are excellent but only as a *means*, and the clerk or someone else for him has to determine with what

end he performs the duty mechanically. Possibly it is to make money for the support of a wife and family. If so, that end would be a better thing than the performance of the duty.

Another, again, will be impelled to perform duties by a motive of doing duty for duty's sake. He will be actuated in the performance of his duties by a high conscientious motive. The Duke of Wellington may be taken as a typical example of one who so acted. And no one would disparage the value of duty so performed. It is a splendid thing for any country that men who will so act from a sense of duty for duty's sake should exist. But even here we have not reached the root of the matter. The Duke of Wellington always did his duty because he believed it was for his country's good. His performance of his duty was a means of promoting his country's welfare. But what exactly is the country's good had yet to be determined.

Another man still, whenever he performs a duty performs it with not merely a cold conscientious motive but with an ardent love in his mind of some good consequence which he expects to produce by his action. His action will be not so much a duty as a living impulse. Pasteur performed his duties of research with the definite object of decreasing disease and so bettering the lot of

mankind. This was an intrinsically good object. And in pursuing that he was actuated not by a desire for money, for he made practically none, but simply by love of his fellow-men. Such a state of mind is clearly better than the state of mind of one who merely performed his duty for duty's sake.

The value of the performance of duty depends then much on the state of mind in which it is done. If it is done mechanically as a habit, there is little or no merit in the performance. If it is done from conscientious motives, there is considerable merit, and there is still more merit when it is done out of love for some real good which may be achieved. But in all cases it would be necessary to remember that the performance of duty is only a means, and the important thing to decide is the end which it is hoped thereby to accomplish.

Is it the development of character? We are often told it is. And if by this we mean self-perfecting, we have evidently arrived at something which is certainly good. The more perfect our character the greater will be our influence. We deservedly lay stress on all that makes for self-perfection.

But there is a danger that in thinking too

exclusively of improving our character and perfecting ourselves we may become self-righteous, self-centred, and selfish—in a word, priggish. Many Christians have the idea that the highest purpose in life is to save their own souls with the primary object of going to heaven instead of to hell. And a holy man I once spoke to in India had much the same idea. People were flocking to him in thousands, for he had great renown. He had renounced the world : he had literally no possessions : he wore only a waist cloth, and he only wore that because the police would not let him go about without one : he depended for his food on what might be offered him : and he sat crossed-legged on a platform wrapt in contemplation. As a means of starting a conversation, I said how much I admired him spending his life in the contemplation of spiritual things. He grunted. I went on, that devoting his life to the good of others was most praiseworthy. He thereupon burst into a hearty laugh, and said he was not thinking of others : he was thinking of himself : he wanted to make himself as perfect as possible. Certainly he had a higher object than the attainment or avoidance of the gross heaven and hell of our childhood. But he had the same general idea in his mind, and he put it with perfect frankness and honesty. He thought only of his own salvation

and absolutely nothing of the rest of the world. Except to bring him food, other men might not exist.

Admirable as the self-perfecting is up to a certain point, we feel it is insufficient by itself. For we are not unattached units in an aggregate : we are connected units in a unity. We are not merely individuals : we are social units with a sense of sociality. So we get tired of perfecting ourselves, and want to get right *out* of ourselves and throw our whole selves into something completely outside us. Self-perfecting must have an object. We want to make ourselves perfect *for* something outside ourselves, and what that something should be we have still to find.

There is, indeed, a view of self-perfecting which needs our more particular attention. It is the creation of self by self which Bergson thinks is the ultimate reason of human life. And by the creation of self by self he means the continual enrichment of personality by elements which it does not draw from outside, but causes to spring forth from itself. But this, also, seems too suggestive of splendid isolation. A man who spends his life in self-creation will be spending it well. But will he be spending it so well as one who gives the whole of his self away, who pours out his whole soul upon some object outside

himself? If he practise self-creation for the *purpose* of giving himself away as he feels the need, then, indeed, he will be doing well. But in that case self-creation will not be the ultimate object of his life. Like so many other things, it will be only a means.

As a means to this other end, whatever it may be, self-perfection is, however, *essential.* Views may differ as to what the final end should be, but if it is a good end and if it is to be fully attained, it must be attained through character and moral efficiency. Freedom may or may not be that end. We shall examine that question presently. Anyhow, we are unlikely to attain the highest *without* freedom. And even for freedom we do in the most emphatic degree require self-perfection. For freedom means responsibility, and to bear responsibility we require grit, nerve, moral power, all that is implied in the word "character." These things for ever count, and whatever the far-off eventual ideal may be, character and self-perfection are always vitally necessary.

Is the ideal to be Freedom? Nations struggle for freedom, often regarding it as the supreme ideal. And it may be the highest end from the simply political point of view. We English especially are wont to so regard it. Though

we may observe that in England itself there is little freedom of the soul and conscience, and that our Indian experience proves that there may be more real freedom under the benevolent despotism of a foreign Power than there is under the autocracy of a native ruler. The liberty for holding and expressing opinions, and the liberty for every phase of self-development, is incomparably greater in a British Province than in a Native State. But we English ourselves, with all our boasted freedom, are still under the dominance of obsolescent ideas. We are not yet free from the bondage of the idea that our lives are guided by a Providence above, and that everything—the obvious errors alike with the eternal truths—contained in a certain collection of books, the latest of which was written nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and all of which were written by men of a totally different race from ourselves, is absolutely infallible and must be taken as an irrefutable authority on all the affairs of life. We are still tyrannically ruled by the idea that it was a Providence and not themselves who joined a man and woman together in matrimony; and that it is possible for man to put asunder a man and woman who do not of their own free will wish to part, or keep together those who are not of their own accord united. Any man who ex-

presses his freedom from the domination of such ideas does, even now, in England itself, experience difficulty in making his way in public life. And not in the home of freedom is freedom yet obtained.

We need, then, much more freedom. We need as much as we can by any possibility *stand.* We want all the elbow-room we can make. We want to get out into the clean fresh air, out into the open, free from all restraints and encrusting traditions. We seek unlimited room for the soul's expansion; we would be limited by no horizon. All must be free before us.

Yet is freedom *on its own account* any good? Have we not still to ask ourselves what we should *do* with our freedom, what we want our freedom *for*? When we get a holiday and are free from all duties and social ties, we have still to decide what to do with our time. And when we seek freedom we seek it to be free to think or to speak or act or love. We want it for some *purpose.* Even if we use the term freedom in the sense of self-expression, we have still to decide in what direction and with what object we are to express ourselves. We do indeed feel a fundamental need of self-expression. We feel a compelling necessity to make the very most of ourselves; to express out all the very best that is in us; to work with

every fibre of our being at its fullest tension. Still, we have no wish to express ourselves merely for the sake of expression and with no ulterior purpose. We want to do something more than paw the air and neigh and gallop about in sheer exuberance of vitality. We want to express ourselves with an object.

A philosopher expresses himself in lectures, but he expects that people will attend those lectures, and that his hearers will be assisted by what he says to a knowledge of the truth. Merely expressing himself without anyone hearing him would not satisfy him. A poet expresses himself in a poem, but he publishes the poem, for he feels he has produced a thing of beauty, and he would like others to appreciate its beauty and so feel their lives enriched and feel themselves inspired to still further ennoble humanity.

Self-expression usually has then some ulterior object in view, and what that object should be, whether the increase of knowledge or adding to the beauty of life or what else, we have still to inquire.

Happiness may be that object. Some think it should be. We passionately long for happiness. We have so much trouble in life, we yearn for happiness without alloy.

And happiness must always be an ingredient in any ideal worth striving for. But pleasure *alone* and by itself could never be our highest goal. Some men take pleasure in the misery of others. I have known an Oriental potentate who enjoyed seeing human beings tortured, and who gloated in their agonies. Here was pleasure pure and simple ; yet we cannot consider it so high a thing as the pain of one of my hospital nurses at the sight of flies struggling to free themselves from a fly-paper. She was accustomed to the sight of the most terrible accidents and operations in a London hospital, but I have often watched her extricating flies to save them suffering. The pain of the nurse at witnessing suffering in a living thing, however humble, was certainly higher than the pleasure of the despot. And the despot would have been better if he had *not* been happy. A man is conscious of pleasure when he is having a brisk ride on a fresh bright morning in Kashmir. But the mere consciousness of pleasure we would not call so high a state as the enjoyment he experienced in presence of the beautiful natural scenery around him. The latter state of mind was not pleasure alone ; it included both the knowledge of what was beautiful and the pleasure the man took in contemplating the beauty. And the *whole* state made up of the

pleasure and the contemplation was higher than the pleasure alone.

Happiness in itself is not, then, the most valuable thing in our lives: there are higher things still. It may be always what *causes* us to want a thing of value, and it will ever be an element in what is best. But *alone* and by itself it cannot be the supreme end of our endeavours. It is not even what we most crave for. For there is a thing we yearn with all our hearts to have, though it brings pain as well as pleasure. There are things better still to aim at than "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

Knowledge has been claimed as the highest end. And not till we have complete knowledge of all the conditions of our existence can we ever remain satisfied. We need to know the whole of the laws which govern the working of the universe. We know the law of gravitation, for example. We know that apples fall from trees downwards and not upwards; but what gravitation is and how it acts, in what precise manner the apple is pulled to ground we do not know. We have need to know such things as this, and all the conditions of our bodily existence, how we maintain bodily vigour and how guard against disease. We want to know all the laws of the mind; and the laws

of heredity, for upon heredity more than upon environment depends the progress of the race. Especially do we need to know the laws of conduct, how we ought to act, what things are right to do and what wrong.

Most of us wish to do the right thing. Few do not want to act righteously. The difficulty is to know what *is* the right thing to do. Mr Gladstone and John Bright might both be called righteous-minded men. They both most earnestly wished to do what was right in guiding the destinies of their country. Yet on the question of Home Rule for Ireland they were diametrically opposed. Only one of them could have been right. But which of the two was right only an Omniscient Being could say. The Pope of Rome and that fresh-minded Canadian-born philosopher Dr Beattie Crozier are unquestionably sincere in their exhortations on the right course mankind should pursue. Yet the Pope urges one course and the other an entirely opposite course. And one or other must be in the wrong.

Men will probably show closer and closer agreement as to what is *good*, as they think the matter out more clearly and rid their minds of prejudices. But on what is *right* it will always be most difficult to form an opinion. To judge which among a host of alternative actions is the right one to take,

we must know what the probable effects of each will be. For only that action will be right which will have the best results that are possible. And this is not easy to determine, as we must first have a definite idea of what is intrinsically good, apart from its effects, in order that we may know which among the various results is the *best*; and then we have to clearly foresee all the various effects of the different possible actions. To act *rightly* is no easy matter. Apart from good motives, it requires much knowledge. Conscience alone is no safe guide. We all know how wrongly men often act from the most conscientious motives. Knowledge is then of the highest necessity as a *means* to conducting our lives aright.

Knowledge of *energy* is another kind of knowledge that is needed. We want to know how to utilise the limitless resources of energy in the universe. We already make use of natural energy in many ways. We use the power in wind to propel our ships and turn our windmills and so grind corn or raise water. We use water-power also for grinding corn and for generating electric power, which can be transmitted and applied to many different purposes. We use fire to liberate the energy in fuel and give us heat, which we can likewise use for a great variety of purposes. We also make use of solar energy in a number of

ways. The energy that reached this earth in sunbeams millions of years ago, and has since remained locked up in coal, we now utilise by burning the coal, generating heat, and applying that heat to warming our houses, cooking our food, driving our steam-engines, steamships, and factory machinery. The solar energy which is stored up in plants we also utilise either directly or indirectly through animals in the form of food. And how to make still further use of all these forms of natural energy will long be an object for research. But these are only the *secondary* sources of energy. The *primary* source from which all these are derived offers almost infinitely greater possibilities, and it lies everywhere at hand.

The primary source of all energy lies in the atoms, the bricks of which the whole universe is built up. And here lying dormant, awaiting the magic touch which will release it, lies energy enough to satisfy the utmost needs of man for all future time. It is sleeping there unnoticed now, but if we knew how to break up atoms and put them together, we would know how to tap sources of energy of inexhaustible extent.

Radium atoms do break up of themselves, and as a result emit streams of particles at the appalling velocity of about 180,000 miles a second, so that they are able to pierce through

half an inch of lead. And by the outburst of this energy sufficient heat is generated from even the minute quantity of radium there is on this earth, not only to keep the earth from cooling, but even to increase its heat till an explosion may one day be expected. Radium atoms undergo change spontaneously. What we want to know is how we could release as we like and utilise for our purposes the energy in radium, and in the other radio-active elements, such as uranium and thorium. This knowledge how to utilise the undreamed-of stores of energy in Nature is one of our most urgent needs. And connected with it is the need for knowledge how to mould and fashion matter into proper forms for utilising this energy. All kind of mechanical invention is therefore a necessity for human progress. The steam engine has enormously affected human development. The aeroplane will probably affect it still more. The telegraph and telephone all aid in bringing human beings in closer touch with one another. And any further advances in these and like mechanical inventions will be of enormous benefit to mankind.

We have also to develop our means of *acquiring* knowledge. There may be other than the usual means. We seem dimly groping

towards new faculties of the mind which may be immensely valuable in the future and vastly extend our range of life. In India these faculties are already regarded as almost normal. By telepathy mind seems to directly communicate with mind without the use of speech or writing. By clairvoyance and clairaudience it seems possible to see and hear at a distance. All such subconscious activities are worthy of the most anxious investigation and the most careful development, for they may indicate a line of future human development.

Especially important will it be to develop the acquisition of knowledge by *intuition*. Knowledge is not only derived from perception by the senses: it is also gained intuitively. It is in intuition that poets and that women especially excel, and it is this faculty of intuition that the race particularly needs to develop. And by intuition we mean instinct which has become self-conscious and capable of thinking of the object toward which it is directed; we mean that swift intellectual sympathy which divines the truth by touching heart to heart with things. It is thus rather than by reasoning that the inmost truths are reached. Intuition is the discoverer. What it brings back from the unknown has always to undergo the ordeal of

trial and test by pure reason, and only that can be added to the general knowledge which will stand this test. But it is the inspirer, the flaming light which attracts us onward and which cheers and brightens all our efforts. Intuitive power requires, then, more attention than it receives at present, and those with the gift of intuition should be cherished as the bright leaders of us all.

Knowledge of all these kinds we need. Yet if we had only knowledge we should still lack something even better. A doctor may know exactly how to cure a person of an illness, but the knowledge is useless unless he has the desire to effect the cure. A man may be perfectly cognisant of all the beauties lying in each picture in the National Gallery but, like myself, he may lack the capacity for fully *appreciating* those beauties. One may know all the lovable qualities in a woman and know that there is no other so worthy of being loved as she, and yet have no feeling of love for her. And if a man possessing complete knowledge yet lacks the impulse to prevent sickness, and the appreciation of beauty or capacity for love, we intuitively feel that he does not possess what is better still than knowledge. He is cold and arid when we feel that the highest should be warm and palpitating. After

we have acquired all the knowledge possible and know the truth about everything, we should still feel the needs of the *inner* life, and would still want to know what to do with life.

Knowledge is indispensable as a means to a higher good and as a constituent in the highest ideal, and adds greatly to its value, but cannot be the ideal itself. Even those engaged in seeking knowledge feel that the joy of exploring and discovery is better than the knowledge when gained.

I recently heard Holiness extolled as the highest thing at which we could aim. Character and self-lessness were praised, but Holiness was held up as the supremely best thing which we should seek. And by Holiness was meant, it was explained, the love and worship of God and of Jesus Christ; and by God was meant a personal God, who created us, watched over us, guided and controlled us, and to whom all things were possible.

Now in the practice of Holiness such as this few could excel the nuns who tended me in my illness. To the worship of God and the care of the sick they had devoted their entire lives. They had completely renounced the world and given up their whole lives to God. They were incessantly praying to God and praising and worshipping him. At five o'clock in the morning

I would hear them singing hymns in the little chapel over my room. The last thing at night I heard the same. As the nun who specially nursed me sat by my bedside she would mutter prayers, or read the Bible or the life of a Saint hour after hour. She never showed herself tired or put out. A sweet smile always lit her beautiful face ; and a graceful little speech to cheer me was ever on her lips. She was the very model and pattern of devout and pious saintliness.

Another of the nuns was of a more virile type, though no less devout. She was of extraordinary bodily strength, abounding vitality, and forceful decision. Her face was round and broad, strong in every line, clear-eyed, honest and open. And there was in her as much genial bonhomie and infectious good-nature as there was masterfulness, candour, and decision. Great-heartedness rather than kindliness was her dominant characteristic. She it was who carried me to the operating-table on my first arrival, and used to lift me from my bed to my chair. And when I recently returned to the sanatorium, it was she who gave me the most hearty welcome. For when I said I had forgotten all the pain and only remembered the touching kindness shown me there, she clapped me on the back with the vigour of a man and said I must stop with them again, and they would

at once prepare my old bedroom for me and make me more comfortable than I could possibly be elsewhere.

Few have more deeply impressed me than those good Luxembourg nuns and the splendid French missionaries I met years ago in the far interior of Manchuria. Their devotion was intense; and transparent goodness radiated from them at every moment. They were far above ordinary men and women; and the shortest contact with them cleansed and purified one and made one feel the better.

But yet the obstinate question does arise, whether even these, with all their goodness, are acting on a right view of life and so making the most of themselves? They were magnificent types of man- and woman-hood, physically and spiritually. They were precious assets to the race. In following out their particular view of life have they done the most and best for themselves? Have they done the most and best for mankind? Might not mankind expect that something better still might be made of this, the very best material which mankind produces?

If their view of life was correct, and there was sure and indisputable proof that at the back of all things there was a kindly Providence who did really watch tenderly over us, guide us through all the thorny ways of life, guard us from all

dangers, strengthen us to overcome all difficulties, and gently comfort us in hours of sorrow, then indeed we might and we *would* love that Being with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind. Such love would then flow out most naturally and easily. We would love spontaneously without any pressure and without being bound by any lifelong irrevocable vows. And if we had equally positive proof that this Being would make up for any suffering here by giving us an eternity of bliss in a life hereafter ; and that this life was of small importance in comparison with a fuller life to come, then we would regard our troubles here as fleeting and insignificant, and would trend our whole conduct for the higher and permanent and better future state.

But if that view of life proves incorrect, or even doubtful ; if we find no real assurance that a tender Providence *is* leading us through life, and no certain proof that we *shall* be compensated in the future for our troubles in the present, then actions which would have been wise before would be unwise now, and the whole trend of our lives would have to be altered. Results which we had expected before would not, or might not follow now ; and actions taken on the view that this life was of small importance and that our minds must be fixed on another life hereafter, might not result

in so much good as if we had acted on the other view that this life *was* of value and that reward comes in *this* life. And when experience *does* show how impossible it is to retain the idea of a kindly Father watching over us, and compensating us a hundredfold hereafter for all our troubles here, then we feel that love spent on such a figure of our imagination is a devotion touchingly misdirected. Though even then I would not say it had been wasted. The goodness of those missionaries and nuns, and the good they did to others, was sufficient to disprove that. In worshipping a Providence above they may, unconsciously, have been pouring out their love for all that is good, for all that might be called Divine, in man ; and in praying to their Divinity they may unwittingly have been drawing inspiration from that inherent Spirit which animates us all. What, however, I do think is, that if their love of God had been more distinctly recognised as love of the Divine in man, their lives might have been more fruitful still.

The love of Christ is more intelligible, for that he once existed there is no doubt ; and, in another state, he may possibly exist now. We know from his words, from his deeds, and from the testimony of his contemporaries, that he was of an exceedingly beautiful and lovable nature, with his whole being attuned to the spiritual side of things,

anxious to save men suffering and bent on filling them with the joy of life. Quite naturally, therefore, we would worship him. But deeply as we may admire his great heart, his fiery daring, his hot earnestness, his vehement indignation at hypocrisy, his staunchness in standing to his convictions in the very face of death, we can hardly really *love* him in the literal sense of the word. We might justly worship him as the incarnation of an ideal ; but we cannot really love him as we can and should love living men and women. And if such worship of him stands in the way of and prevents the love of living human beings, then such worship seems carried to excess and misdirected, and even going against what Christ himself proclaimed. For Christ himself said that he came to give life and to give it more abundantly, and this was one of the most vital of his sayings. And for nuns of only twenty-six to shut themselves up and *renounce* life before they had hardly commenced it, and to let their lives, and their loves, and their intellects be stunted and dwarfed, seems to me acting profoundly contrary to the whole spirit of Christ's teaching.

Even at nursing, to which they had given up all that remained of their lives, they were not so good as the more worldly hospital nurses who had been properly trained for this work. They may,

of course, have been better prepared for another life. They themselves were much too gentle and modest to claim any superiority on this point. But is a sheltered and cloistered virtue so truly worthy as virtue which has fought through the hard buffets of the world, experienced its temptations, and been tried and tested in the strain of daily life? Is one who has been shut in and sheltered in this life likely to be so well fitted for another as one who has struggled through a full life here? These are questions I could not help asking myself during that five weeks in the convent.

Holiness, if it means the daily praise and worship of a Being who may not exist, and the neglecting of this life for another, of whose conditions we are wholly ignorant, may be detrimental in so far as it diverts men's minds from what is undoubtedly good. It may encourage men to lean when they ought to be standing upright; and when they ought to be not only standing but running; and not only running on the ground but flying in the air. And it may take men's thoughts and care and love from where they are most needed—among their fellow-men and women who are nearest.

But there is a nobler Holiness which the strong men of to-day hunger after with all the mighty craving of their souls—deep, fundamental *human* religion, reaching down to their inmost being,

plumbing the profoundest recesses of their souls, and teaching men faith in themselves and in their own inherent goodness. This is the Holiness men need—as much above the piety of the present as love is above sympathy. They want religion vitalised and vivified by contact with the throbbing heart of humanity. They want to see it stirring all the elemental potencies *within* them ; striking those far-down primordial chords uniting all men to one another ; and then in overflowing outburst expressing their oneness in the joys and in the deep tragedies of life, and their glorious aspiration after the highest the highest of them can imagine or conceive.

One of these highest things is Beauty. Beauty is something good in and for itself. If there was nothing else in the world but the enjoyment of beautiful things, in Nature, in music, in painting and sculpture, in the realms of imaginative literature, or in the ordered regions of pure thought, we should feel that the world was good, and that it was worth striving to increase that one thing alone. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." In the appreciation of it there is nothing but pure good. And better still than the appreciation is the creation of beauty, whether it is of a picture, a poem, or an ordered philosophical system.

For the appreciation, and yet more for the creation of a beautiful object, knowledge is an absolutely essential ingredient. We must know the beautiful points in an object to be able to appreciate it properly, and few of us *do* know the beautiful points even in the commonest objects. Artists are continually showing us new beauties in the most unlikely places. But over and above the knowledge that a thing *is* beautiful must come the capacity for appreciating its beauty. We may know that the Queen Victoria Memorial is beautiful, but we must also have a feeling towards it of appreciation and love of its beauty. And when we both know and feel its beauty, then we have reached something which is pure good—good in itself and not as a means to some further end.

The appreciation and the creation of things of beauty may thus be one ultimate end of our endeavour. The more we increase the love of beauty in ourselves and others, and the more things of beauty we create, the more shall we have enriched and ennobled the lives of men. And what infinite possibilities there are for increase in the love and in the creation of beauty we will see directly we think. The beauties in Nature alone we are only just beginning to appreciate. I have described elsewhere how, amidst all the

beautiful Kashmir scenery, the mountaineers saw nothing remarkable. They had keen eyesight, and the eagles and the deer had keener eyesight still. They lived their whole lives in almost the most beautiful spot on earth. And yet they saw nothing remarkable before them. The inevitable reflection occurred to me that if they were so blind to all the beauties around them, even our own eyes may not be fully opened to all the beauties that exist. I once rode down a Himalayan valley in autumn with a frontier chief. The whole valley was aglow with exquisitely rich and varied autumn foliage. I remarked how beautiful it was. He looked at the scene and then laughed with pleased surprise. He said he had always thought the spring beautiful, but he had never before thought of looking with appreciation at the autumn tints. Similarly, great painters will surely arise to point out to us beauties in Nature we none of us now perceive.

And in Art, in painting, sculpture, music, literature, architecture, what inexhaustible possibilities there are ! We are only beginning to know what beauty is. Even in the last year a new beauty has been discovered—the beauty of speed. A roaring motor-car is considered by the Futurists to be more beautiful than the "Victory of Samothrace." Except in strife, they say, there is no more beauty.

And just as, a century ago, few saw beauty in snow mountains, so now few would consider there was any beauty in mathematics. But in these days everyone appreciates the stern sublimity of the mountains ; and in mathematics, likewise, according to some, not only truth, but supreme beauty —a beauty cold and austere, like that of sculpture, yet sublimely pure, and capable of a stern perfection —is to be found, as surely as in poetry.

In quite another direction, also, fresh beauties are to be found. Some day we shall have not only the music of sound but the music of colour. In the flow of changing colours, with varying intensity of light expressing emotions and ideas, there may, in the future, be produced beauties greater than either music or painting now furnish.

Scope for the appreciation and creation of beautiful objects is inexhaustible, and this alone would be a fitting end for men's efforts. But though love of beauty is good, there is something better still.

Three men see a woman beautiful both in body and in soul. One is a man of the world, another is an artist, and the third is one she loves and who loves her. The first has seen enough women both beautiful and ugly to know that she *is* beautiful, and he can tell the points of her beauty as a dealer can tell the points of a horse. But he has seen

dozens of others nearly as beautiful, and he is busy making money, or shooting, or golfing, and after seeing that she *is* beautiful thinks no more about her. The artist not only knows that she is beautiful but experiences intense happiness in the contemplation of her beauty. The sight of the graceful outline of her form, the dignity of her carriage, the flowing ease of her movements, the noble pose of her head, the refinement of her features, the delicate hues of her complexion, the exquisite colour in her eyes, move him to an intense appreciation of her beauty. And in his appreciation both knowledge and happiness are combined. But the artist only admires her *beauty*. He spends his life in the search of beauty, and his admiration does not go beyond admiration of her beauty as such. The lover goes further. He knows that she is beautiful, he appreciates her beauty, but he does more : he loves her. The artist sees only the beauty of her features : the lover sees the sweetness of her expression. The artist sees only grace in her movements : the lover sees passionate desire. The artist sees only colour in her eyes : the lover sees the lovelight. The artist sees only the outward physical beauty : the lover sees the inward beauty of the soul. He indeed, appreciates this physical beauty and values his enjoyment of it as one of the most precious

portions of his love. He would on no account leave it out. But he also loves the beauty of the soul. He loves her appreciation of all the beautiful things in life and of all the high qualities in others. And he loves her capabilities of love.

The state of mind of the artist is higher than that of the man of the world. But we know intuitively that the state of mind of the lover is higher still. It includes happiness and knowledge and appreciation of beauty, as very powerful constituents, but the whole state is something other and higher than any of these or of all together. It is good to know and recognise the beautiful. It is better still to appreciate beauty and feel the happiness which that appreciation gives. But even better yet it is to *love*.

If we think what is best should exist by itself in the world, if there should be nothing else than it alone, we would not say, would we? either Truth, or Knowledge, or Beauty: we would say Love — the joy of human intercourse, good fellowship, comradeship, sociability, manly attachments, adhesiveness, the making and keeping of friends, the unfailing affection of man for man and woman for woman, and above all else, the intense, absorbing love which by many is never experienced at all, and which when it does come is only given to the one.

As we emerge into the world again from all the soft luxuriance of love and affection in which we have been bathed during illness, we realise that in the struggle of life, stern hard qualities are also required. The faculties have to be braced and tautened up; the will made as adamant; the intellect cleared as crystal; the nerves tempered like steel. To hold one's own in life, to get scope for one's own individuality, to clear away evil, to make room for good, the harder qualities are necessary. Efficiency of intellect and fibre of character are needed. Easy sentimentalism does not suffice. But behind all, through all, imbuing every thought and every action, we still feel that the glowing inspiration of love is a higher necessity than all. Freedom, courage, and all the virtues are necessary, and vitally necessary, but only as means to the one great end of Love. And in Love, both Will and Knowledge will be included, transcended and swallowed up.

And by Love we mean no mere general benevolence, universal kindness, warm-heartedness or sympathy, however tender. We mean no love of an abstract Being or even of a personality, however beautiful, whom, like Christ, we have never known. But we do mean hot, vivid love of living men and women whom we know and feel and touch; personal love; love than death

itself more strong. We are ready enough to face death. We think nothing much of mere dying. But there is a love which, when it is with us, convinces us that it *must* survive what is so unimportant as death. And that is the love and not mere good-nature, however healthy and hearty, or sympathy however sensitive and touching, or benevolence however kindly and wide-embracing. It is something greater than all these, and greater because it *includes* and transcends them all. For he who can love one single human being with true intensity and nobility of soul *will* have sympathy, *will* have benevolence, and *will* be indifferent even to death. He will rise above them all. Sympathy will radiate unconsciously from him, and a kindly feeling to all his fellow-men he cannot help possessing. When, then, we speak of love we mean that love which may be given to only one, but which will yet mean kindliness to every other living thing.

For what higher, better thing can we wish for or imagine than we ourselves have in the supreme moment when we love and are loved? Does the Christian or the Mohamedan or the Hindu or the Buddhist heaven contain anything better than personal human love? They may contain *more* of it but nothing *better*. "Love in heaven may shine more bright." But nothing

better is suggested. We are told that the Mahatmas and occult science reveal secrets. But have they revealed the secret of anything better than love? Men may have the power of communicating with others at a distance by a kind of mental wireless telegraphy. But is that power higher than love? It would be an undoubted convenience to lovers, but no lover would prefer it to his love. Nor would he prefer the power of reading the thoughts of others, or of leaving his body and transferring himself to a distant place, or of foreseeing the future—or of all these powers put together. They are faculties which we human beings may hope to develop some day, but they do not amount to much else than greater convenience of communication—like railways, telegraphs, and telephones. A man who possessed the whole of these faculties together would be inferior to a man without them who could greatly love.

Among the Hindu ascetics are many beautiful characters who have attained to a high degree of spirituality. They are men of intense devotion to spiritual ideals. They have voluntarily renounced all the pleasures of the world. They have given up home and friends and wealth and station, even their very names. Without money, without clothing, they go out

into the jungles or wander from temple to temple, living only on what is given them in charity, and devoting their entire lives to the contemplation of spiritual things. All human passions are stifled; all worldly desires are renounced. Their whole beings are concentrated upon spiritual contemplation, with that power of concentration in which Indians excel. And to them absorption into the Divine Being is believed to be the highest state to which they can attain. They believe that just as a drop of rain returns to the ocean from which it was once drawn and is absorbed again, so will we return to God and be absorbed in him. And in contemplation and ecstasy they try and reach that state now. They so completely concentrate their minds on one idea that they become oblivious of all else and remain in an ecstasy of, as they believe, communion with God, losing themselves in the Divine Essence. The idea is beautiful and appeals to many, but it means the entire extinction of all individuality, and results in non-existence. Perhaps we can get some tangible idea of what it involves from what happens to us in loss of consciousness.

On taking a rather larger dose of morphia than usual after an operation, I murmured to my nurse that I felt myself going "Up, and

up, and up—f-l-o-a-t-i-n-g a-w-a-y." All earthly pains seemed left behind; all connection with this world seemed gradually loosened. I was wafted away in a blissful ecstasy. At length all my identity was lost, and like the drop of rain in the ocean I was absorbed in a vast space of thrilling ecstasy.

This, perhaps, gives some idea of what the absorption in the Divine Essence would mean, so far as loss of individuality is concerned. But can we think that any state which means this loss of individuality can be as high as the state of love, which means the very *intensification* of individuality? In love the individuality is not lost. Rather is it expressed to its utmost capacity of expression. A man is more himself in the highest moments of love than at any other time. All the very depths of his being then come up. And while each expresses his individuality to the utmost, the union of the lovers is complete. Persons of the most opposite natures love each other—rough hard men and refined delicate women—and each preserves his individuality; yet in love the two are joined in one, and in the intensity of their love feel at one with all the world.

Is not a state which implies this unity made by the perfecting of individuality in each separate individual a higher state than a monotonous ocean-

like uniformity where all individuality is completely lost?

In other planets than our earth there may be beings higher than ourselves. There are, perhaps, four or five hundred million stars. Round these stars planets must be revolving like our earth around the sun. And it is in a high degree improbable that in our little speck of a planet there should have arisen living beings higher than any others in all the rest of the universe. For aught we know to the contrary, we may be the lowest. Man has only existed for a quarter of a million of years, and been civilised only a few thousand years. Such periods are mere seconds in evolutionary time. And it is probable that much more developed beings than ourselves exist in the universe. And we may in time, by telepathy or otherwise, get into communication with them, and they may tell us of something higher than love. There may be also in the universe a being so immeasurably above us as to be almost entitled to the name of God. He would not be omnipotent nor a creator, but he might influence our destinies to an enormous degree. Of the existence of such a being we have no evidence whatever, but his existence is a *possibility* and he also may in turn reveal us some higher perfection than love. But

at present nothing higher is known or is conceivable.

Stars, thousands of them greater than our sun; stars in their millions; stars billions of miles distant; may revolve for ever in their stupendous courses. And in our little planet the greatest empires may be fought and wrought for. But intrinsically and on its own worth, what is all this compared with the tender quivering love which thrills from lover to lover! Are not the mightiest captains but as prize-fighters, and the subtlest thinkers but as calculating machines, beside him or her who can greatly love? Is it not evident that through the evolutionary process one thing above all others has been striving to find expression and pushing its way through to the light—and that that one thing is love?

But, perhaps, in some other world or in some future life there may be a state higher still than love? There may be, though of such a higher state we have as yet no knowledge. There are men and women who believe themselves to be in communication with the dead. They are convinced that disembodied spirits live on after death, and that they are able to receive messages from those who have departed this present life. But in all these messages what inkling is there of any higher state than love? The conditions of life

may be easier in this other world. There may be fewer of the jars and frets and complications of this more material existence. But is there the slightest indication of any better state than love? Christ is believed by many to have survived bodily death, and afterwards to have communicated with his disciples. But what sign did even he give of anything higher than love?

There may or may not be a future life. Those who have deeply loved feel there *must*—absolutely *must*—be a heaven where their loves may endure for ever. It seems impossible that mere death should ever be able to quench their beautiful loves: they seem too great, too strong and *real* for death ever to be able to conquer. Yet of a future life we have no sure and certain proof. Great and good and earnest men are convinced there is such a life. Great and good and earnest men are convinced that there is not. We as yet can only *hope* that the insistent cravings of our hearts may not prove in vain.

But whether there be a future life and a distant heaven or not, we know of nothing better nor of a heaven more perfect than the sacred beautiful heaven of lovers here on earth. We ask for nothing better than that love should last for ever. In those rare and heavenly moments of realised and reciprocated love we would willingly end our

earthly lives and let our loves continue everlastingly. We wish for no higher heaven nor ask for more perfect bliss. The highest thing we know of or can conceive we do already experience here on earth.

Love, then, so it seems, is the supremely valuable thing to lay hold of, to cling to with both hands and with all our might. The evolutionist[1] agrees with the poet that love is "creation's final law." He thinks we see the invisible breath that animates the living forms "materialised before our eyes in mother's love." The ethical writer[2] asserts that love is "by far the most valuable thing we know or can imagine." And the philosopher[3] contends that "all perfect life should lead up to and culminate in love." Other things are necessary as a means to love. Other things are needed as constituents in a full and perfect love. Knowledge and Will and Virtue and the capacity for enjoying all the Beauty of life are essential as ingredients. But it, it only, it insurpassably above the rest, transcending, fusing, and absorbing all else, is the one thing beyond every other to tightly clasp through all the cares and sorrows and all the stern complexities of life.

[1] Bergson. [2] Moore. [3] McTaggart.

ATTAINMENT

If we have this idea of the surpassing value of personal human love ground into our beings till it permeates them through and through, and becomes the very soul and source of all our actions, then a new light will be shed around us.

We will still seek after Truth, for, if we are to live aright, we must have a complete knowledge of the conditions under which we live. We have to master our surroundings and be no longer fawning adapters to our environment. We have to tap the inexhaustible sources of energy in Nature and bend matter into instruments for using that energy. Animals and plants also we have to shape to our purposes. And for all this the profoundest knowledge of the Truth is requisite. And Virtue also we will seek. Moral power and character we will develop as the very backbone of our existence. And we will strengthen the Will as that which keeps the whole being together and directs its course. We will thus reach forward to greater and greater efficiency.

What should be rigid we will temper as steel. What should be supple we will bend as the willow. What should be loose we will set as free as air. We will seek Beauty too—seek to see new beauties and discover beauty where no beauty had been seen before : and better still, to *create* new beautiful things. But our highest aim of all will ever be to enrich our own lives and the whole life-blood of humanity by cultivating Love—by making it purer, richer, nobler, sweeter, more intense.

In life generally we will, with this end in view, constantly foster and intensify the affections. Some preach and practise hardness. But those who do are often men of the most sensitive feeling : hence their power. In the rough and tumble of life we have to mask our feelings. We cannot always expose them to view or subject their sensitive surface to the rough touch of the world. But because we veil them we need not therefore stunt and dwarf and desiccate the emotions. Callousness and indifference are unworthy of men. We have to be hard in this that we must fiercely resent evil, stamp it down or force it aside to make room for the good. And in the struggle of life, in present conditions, hardness is a necessity. But depth of feeling is also

needed in the world of men. The great things in life are accomplished not by callous but by deep-feeling men. Even the pitiless surgeon, though he may have to master his feelings during the actual operation, is more successful if he is a man and not a mere butcher. And no man could expect to be Prime Minister of England who had not that depth of feeling which attracts men. He may be the most redoubtable debater; he may have the most acute and efficient intellect; but unless he can also attach men he cannot lead.

The times we live in are vibrant with a new spirit. Men's hearts are stirring as deeply as they have ever stirred before. Nations are quickening into intenser life. Individuals—whether men or nations—are being pressed by a more urgent spirit to find full scope for their expression. There is rivalry and animosity and jealousy of class and class, nation and nation, race and race, sex and sex. And this rivalry may develop into conflict, for only by conflict may settlement be possible. But, with or without conflict, the eventual settlement, however far distant, can only be based on solid human fellowship. Beneath all the necessary strugglings, without which progress is impossible, men will maintain the spirit of comradeship. And they will ever keep in reserve that fundamental feeling of man for man which is always present

and always ready to burst forth when the right touch is applied.

It was such a touch that King Edward applied in the affairs of nations. He was called the Peace-maker ; but a more appropriate title would have been the Friend-maker. Peace was a result of the friendships formed. It was not in his case, and it never should be in any other, an end in itself. We could have had peace with Napoleon at any time, but only at the price of being to-day like Portugal ; and our friendship would not have been so valuable as it now is to France if we had not fought her for our own individuality in those far-off days of strain. There is nothing good in peace as peace. Friendship, on the other hand, is good in itself and is the highest good. And King Edward was able to make friends of other nations, partly because he was a man of great capacity and courage and exercised immense patience, perseverance, foresight, and intelligence, but far more because he embodied in his office and rightly interpreted the real feeling heart of England, and was himself a man of a warmly affectionate nature. He was thus able to touch the hearts of other peoples. Having hearts of their own, they responded to his efforts and friendships were knit. From those friendships peace resulted. But the friend-

ships were the things of main value, and it is them that in international relations we will strenuously strive to foster.

Still more important are these friendships in private life. Far too much attention is given to public men and work for the public. The idea is thereby fostered that public men are of more value to the race than private individuals; and that working for the good of men in the bulk is in itself more praiseworthy than working for the good of separate individuals. Yet it is probable that it was the private rather than the public life of Queen Victoria that had the greatest influence for good. It was her private life that *made* her public life so influential, and that attached the whole people to her. Admirable as is working for the good of men in general and the welfare of mankind in the gross, more genuine good may yet result from the work of private individuals for themselves and for those in most intimate relationship with them; for it is here that we get that close touch of heart with heart which is of such real value. The statesman and the philanthropist working in the public eye are doing good; but they may not be doing so *much* good as unknown individuals in their own circle concentrating all their energies upon their own betterment and upon the happiness and welfare of those other individuals

with whom they are intimately connected—sons and daughters, relations and friends, servants and dependants. It is good to subscribe to charitable institutions ; but it is better, far, to devote energy and sympathy to private persons we *know*, with whom we are in personal touch, and helpful sympathy with whom will generate lasting affection. This work of private men and women necessarily does not receive the same public notice as the work of public men for the general welfare. It nevertheless may require higher qualities and produce more valuable results. For this intimate private work necessitates greater delicacy, a lighter and more sensitive touch, and a finer courage. And it brings forth not applause and admiration, but that highest thing of all—unstinted love and affection.

But, if we are convinced of the surpassing value of human love and wish to work for the attainment of such an Ideal, our chief object will be to liberate love by bettering the relations between man and woman. For upon the purity and intimacy of those relations depends the security and sanctity of the home ; the very basis of all bodily and spiritual growth.

We will grapple with that terrible tragedy of life by which thousands of women hungering for

motherhood are left without husbands; while potential love in floods runs wasting in our streets. And to do this we will revise the present coercive marriage system, the social conventions, and the matrimonial habits which deter men and women from marriage when it is marriage that should attract them; and which in marriage too often shrivel and blight this very love it should be our highest aim to foster and develop. We will let no love wither fruitlessly away. We will give men and woman the fullest scope for the love which Nature sends welling up within them. We will remove every hindrance to the overflowing realisation of their love. We will do more: we will afford every *opportunity* for its realisation.

For it is only by *love* that the higher men and women of the future can be created. Eugenic fitness is important for the progress of the race. But alone it will not *raise* the race. It deals with man, the animal. It has nothing to say to the soul. It merely provides—though this is highly necessary—the sound material basis for development. It seeks to produce a race of healthy-bodied men and women. And this is much. But it is only by the heredity of love that any substantial advancement will be made. It is only by children born of parents who really love each other and

who really love to have children ; by children reared in an atmosphere of love and who in their turn will marry in love also and bring up *their* children in love, that love will truly grow and flourish on the earth as beauty springs forth in our most dearly tended flowers. And if the most is to be made of love, men and women must come together in their prime. Children must be born to parents who are in all their freshest radiance of tingling life and love ; and whose love will remain hot and vivifying and so suffuse the home with a fervent glowing life.

Our care will be, then, to remove all hindrances which prevent fit and healthy men and women coming together in their maturity ; to afford every opportunity for their meeting and every facility for their union. The object will not be "free love," in the sense to which that beautiful term has been degraded, but *liberated* love ; opportunity for love ; freedom to unite when and how a man and woman please ; freedom to separate ; and entire equality, the one with the other. And the ideal we will set before us, and which we will seek to attain, not by tightening but by loosening the present ties, is that of one man for one woman, and one woman for one man for the life of either ; and beyond that strict purity. Purity before marriage and in married life love ; freedom to

unite and freedom to part: such will be our ideal.

But to realise this ideal we will have to ensure that when a man and woman of maturity really love, and have the determined will to unite, their union should not be impeded. So we will encourage not impede the union of lovers. But we will insist with all the force of a more enlightened public opinion that on love and love only will the union of man with woman be based. Love alone must be the moral justification for their union. And it will be recognised that union by marriage for any other purpose—for money, or social position, or anything else than love—is more, not less, immoral than their union without marriage if that union be really for love. Love will be the one, the only and the final test. Not even fidelity, nor sense of duty, nor filial devotion —only the love which is the whole self, the whole compelling need of a man and woman for one another, will be the final justification for their union and for their continuing united.

The misfortune is that the existing marriage system as often lowers as raises love. Under it there is more real love before than after marriage; and the liberty of the individual, and especially of the woman, is more seriously infringed than there is any necessity for.

Just at the very time when men ought to be marrying they are deterred by many a worldly consideration. In the very prime of youth, when love is most insistent in its call for realisation and is glowing as a holy fire, men are deterred from marriage by the prejudices and conventions of the time. Their parents dissuade them from being "fettered" so early in their career. They themselves do not wish to lose the freedom which the matrimonial habits of the day so much curtail for a man. Or, again, they have not the monetary means of satisfying the standard of living which is expected in married life. In some professions, too, the marriage of a young man is a declared bar to his advancement.

From one cause or another countless thousands of men in all the fullest strength of manhood, and when most urgently impelled to fulfil their pressing instinct for love, remain without wives. And who could ever calculate the volume of passion which is then poured forth in waste!

A man knows that a single touch of the hand by a woman he really loves is more to him than all he ever gains by passion without love. Yet the spectre of marriage deters him or her, and the hands do not meet. Let a woman think only for a moment of the terrific vow she is expected to take before she can give that hand-

touch, which may have to mean marriage in the end, and she must necessarily give pause. She may from her whole inner being be unconsciously yearning for motherhood; but while she is still unacquainted with the real meaning of married life and very imperfectly acquainted with the man who wishes to marry her, she will be asked to take a vow that for the rest of her life she will remain with that man and no other; give herself body and soul to him; abandon her freedom and obey him. In those delicate moments when a man and woman might very properly be coming together the shadow of this vow appears and a pause is made—sometimes for good, but very, very often for ill. The man hesitates to make the proposal, or the woman to accept it. They part; the woman perhaps never to marry, and the man only to marry when the prime of his youth and the freshness of his love is spent.

Very naturally, too, one or other hesitates to break into or break away from the harmony of a home. And the more united is the home-life the more likely is there to be hesitation. The extreme and sudden and altogether unnecessary break which the present system entails must cause anxiety and hesitation. No member of an affectionate home circle likes seeing one

of its number being carried off and so completely appropriated, as is the present custom in marriage. A woman may be too sensitive to home ties, or too proud to appear as an intruder in another home circle. And the anticipation of the pain that the break or the intrusion will cause must often be a serious deterrent to union.

Publicity to their love, lovers also must resent. At the most exquisitely delicate and crucial stage when union, if it is to come, should come tenderly and naturally; and, if it is not to thus come, should not come at all, love has to be proclaimed to all the world. The public has to be admitted to the sacred shrine. Love's privacy is forthwith profaned. The sensitive nature winces at the sacrilege. The soft, budding love-shoots shrivel before the vulgar gaze. And love diminishes to simple comradeship, toughened for the public eye and for the hardy intercourse of daily life.

Such are some of the deterrents offered by the marriage customs of our time to that free union of a man and woman who love each other and whose union would greatly benefit themselves and the race. The career of a man has, of course, to be considered, for that career serves directly or indirectly to the general good. The cost of maintaining a family has also to be considered before

union can take place. But yet *love* is the *main* consideration. And if the present marriage system and the present social habits prevent a young man uniting with the woman of his choice while still pursuing his career or making his livelihood, then that marriage system and those social habits require alteration. Especially is this change required where the present customs deter men and women engaged in great work for the good of mankind from being hampered by all the present encumbrances of the married state. These are the very persons whose marriage is so desirable—these who are engaged in great enterprises for the public good, in some lofty work for the benefit of mankind, or in producing great works of beauty in art or literature to enrich the life of the world. But these are they, also, who most shrink from the fettering conditions of our present system. The system should then be altered to meet the needs of the individuals. Individuals should not be forced into the system.

And to the alteration of our marriage system there is no insuperable objection. The marriage laws and customs were not made in heaven : they were made by men and can be mended by men. They are based upon the ideas of an Eastern race formulated nearly twenty centuries ago ;

and, like our social habits, they can be altered by ourselves to meet our own needs in our own day. Marriage bindings and marriage vows which were suited to Palestine two thousand years ago, or to Europe in the Middle Ages, are not suited to Europe to-day. They were made when the woman was still considered to be the property of the man, like his ox or his ass. And we need to loosen and release these ties ; and to modify and go on modifying them in accordance with our changing needs in matrimonial matters. Once we give up the idea that the marriage service, laws and customs, have been laid down for all time by an outside Providence, we will allow our liberty in this most private matter of all to be curtailed by no other authority than the collective wisdom of *ourselves*. This wisdom will grow and mature with the development of the individual members of the society. But it will remember that society is primarily for the individual and not the individual for society, and will permit no more curtailment to individual liberty in matrimonial matters than is essential for the general good.

Both the laws and social opinion might also profitably be changed to secure the economic independence of women. Especially will it be desirable to give facilities and encouragement to women to *work*—either directly for their living,

or to contribute to the general welfare, or to add to the beauty and joy of life. And the more women in *every* class of life that learn to work, as men of every class are taught to work, whether it is to earn a livelihood or to follow a definite occupation in life, the better will it be for women individually, the better chance will they have of making unions, and the more acceptable helpmates will they prove to be. Work will not only give women economic independence in marriage; it will vivify their whole existence.

Social opinion in matrimonial matters also needs alteration. The present social conventions, which so lightly condemn and condone, themselves need condemnation. Lovers must no longer feel that society is against them. The weight of social opinion should be thrown on their side. Unions for love must be favoured. Unions for any single other motive must be tabooed as simply *sordid.* And such a change in social opinion should be easy, for separate members of society are even now, in their heart of hearts, chiefly interested in love. Nothing interests them more deeply than a story of true love in real life. And it is merely this latent feeling which needs to be brought out and thrown on the scale in favour of the lovers. The whole stress and emphasis of social opinion will thus be changed. It will be laid not upon

conformity to conventional ideas, nor upon worldly considerations, but upon considerations of love.

A man and woman will then be left by social opinion greater freedom to suit their own individual needs and inclinations. Where and how they live, whether in the same room, or the same house, or the same town, or the same country; whether they make a sudden and complete break with the old home or, at least till the new family appears, remain on in the old; should be matters for themselves alone to decide. Nor need social convention compel them to sit down to every meal together, and go out to every sort of social entertainment together. The forcing of one to conform to the will, the opinion, the tastes and habits of the other, destroys all individual development, and far too often results in the pathetic mutilation of a soul. There is no reason why each should not be allowed to follow his own bent and go his own way. And if conventions were made more flexible, if there were greater elasticity in social customs, and men and women could feel that they could retain their individualities as completely after marriage as before, one more deterrent to union would be removed.

We will then leave matrimonial matters much more openly and freely in the hands of the parties

really concerned. We do not have two friends up in public and before a public functionary bind them on oath never to part. We know that nothing would be more likely to discourage friendship. And enlightened public opinion in future will see no necessity for making a man and woman bind themselves together by oath in public. The two will legally and socially be held responsible for the upkeep of children, for in the proper bringing up of its children the community has an interest. But the union of lovers, like the union of friends, is of all things an intimate and private affair in which the public are in no possible way concerned. Like friends, lovers also should be left perfect freedom of discretion when and how far they should unite, when and how far they should separate.

We will in these ways do all we can to set love free. For love will not be tied. It brooks no bounds, and the very anticipation of bondage shrivels it up. Even self-imposed bonds arrest its growth. A woman can bind herself to stop in the same house with a man for the rest of her life, and bear him children, and give him his meals, and be sociable and companionable ; but she cannot bind herself to *love* him. Love comes and love goes. It is independent of the will. And all a woman can do is to tend and care for

her love as she would tend and care for her health. But if, with all her care, it goes, the fact must be accepted. It will not remain a moment longer because a woman has taken a vow that it *shall* remain.

If this truth is recognised, it follows that attempts, by artificial means, to keep men and women together who no longer love is bound to end in failure. We see instances all round us. If love no longer remains as the bond of union, the union must then dissolve, and to force two persons to remain together who wish to be apart is to infringe their ordinary human rights. Men and women in the future will part as freely as they united. Such severance will be neither easy nor frequent, for those who have freely and naturally united themselves together in a really genuine love will only separate after exquisite anguish. But if, after each has tenderly cared for and fostered his own love and striven to see and bring out all the best in the other, it is still found that soul no longer responds to soul, then the union will cease and the two will part. They will no longer be lovers: they will be simply friends. But as friends they may remain more closely attached to one another than they ever would have been if they had been forced to continue in matrimony.

That the freedom to unite and separate will involve dangers everyone can see. The point requires no emphasis. The more important point is whether the utmost that could occur will be *so* bad as the evils that exist at the present moment. The present constraints are placed to safeguard the woman from the consequences of union. But in those consequences is there anything so intrinsically bad as the waste which goes on around us to-day of that human strength and human love which is so much needed for the progress of the race? By chancing the danger immense responsibility will be incurred. And for that responsibility men and women will have to brace themselves with all the moral power, the strength of character, the will and the courage they can command. But to achieve the highest all must be risked. If love is to unfold its most perfect bloom it needs be utterly free. Only as love is continually striven for and continually deserved will it be continually retained and continually expand. If a man and woman are as free to separate as to unite, each will continue to the other the same attention to that other's feelings; the same delicacy in the touch of soul with soul as he did when winning love. The retention of love will never be taken for granted. No security will lull into sluggishness and indolent satisfaction; no easy self-con-

fidence will generate indifference. On the contrary, the whole personality of each will be ever vibrating to varying moods and impulses of the other, and zest and piquancy will be given to life. Love cannot stagnate. It grows or dwindles. It is spurred by emulation. It sees nothing but it wishes to surpass it. And it ever surpasses itself.

But there will, too, be both ebb and flow of love. For love does not always remain at concert pitch : it recedes and retires within itself. But in receding it gains fresh stores of beauty, and fresh strength of purpose. And it returns to reach ever higher and higher heights. For the ocean from which it draws has no limitations and no fixed level. The ocean of love has this peculiarity that more can be poured out of it than it ever contained. The law of conservation of energy is inapplicable to love. It gives more than it has. And it increases by giving.

So, though love may ebb and though love must be won over and over again, there *will* also be sweet moments, not of rest indeed, but of deep, filling, soothing peace when the two souls close tightly to each other and are held together in absorbed embrace.

When parents can thus love and be free to love,

then will the true Ideal Home appear. Children thus born of parents who can and do love each other, and of a mother who has passionately longed for children and who joys in feeling that she possesses, and has been able herself to create a little being which is very part of her loved one's own self, will grow up in a rich, pure atmosphere of love. They will be rooted in love ; they will be bathed in love from their very infancy. It will enter into the very fibre of their beings. They will absorb love in every pore and inhale it with every breath till they become saturated with it, and breathe it out as naturally and simply as they have breathed it in.

Parents will then be peculiarly interested in the upbringing of their children. They will see that their children's minds are trained and are filled with knowledge ; that their intellects are sharpened ; their wills toughened ; their characters strengthened ; and the manly virtues of courage and self-reliance inculcated. But they will also recognise that the education of their children has not all to be done at school. They will see that the main portion of the educating or bringing out of all the innate tendencies of their children is to be accomplished by themselves. The mother, particularly, with her intuitive understanding and constant observation, will exert a

special influence in bringing out the individuality of each of her children and counteracting the dreadful uniformity so encouraged in the school. Parents will not regard their children as empty receptacles into which mere information is to be forced in unceasing flow during schooldays. They will rather regard their children as already imbued from birth with strong native propensities of their own, which it is the business of the parents to assist in unfolding. Parents will simply direct and control the spontaneous development of their children's inborn disposition. Asiatics, who are proverbially good judges of character, always first ask about a man what is his disposition. They know that according to his fundamental disposition so will he behave. They know that leopards will always throw out spots, and that nothing any outsiders can do will ever change those spots. They ask, therefore, what is the dominant disposition of a stranger, whether he is easy-going or strict, obstinate or yielding, strenuous, cantankerous, or what else. And they believe, and rightly, that if they can get a true idea of what his natural, innate disposition is, they will be able to predict how he will act. This is what parents will need to do in regard to their children. They will study their children's dispositions with assiduous care. And parents, through the know-

ledge of themselves and of each other which a great love gives, will know, as no one else can possibly know, what are their children's dispositions—what they are inherently and by heredity *disposed* to do.

This natural disposition of their children parents will wisely aid in developing, checking a tendency here, encouraging a tendency there ; but always recognising that a child is likely afterwards to make the best and most of his life if he is allowed to develop along the line of his own natural bent. So the main effort of parents will not be to fill their children up from the outside, but by placing the child under favourable influences, and especially good *home* influences, to assist in the unfolding of the child's rich nature through its own inherent impulse. The budding child does need to absorb nutriment from outside ; but it must absorb it in its own way and according to its own needs. Parents will prune the child nature here and support it there ; they will let some tendencies strengthen by seeing that they are constantly used, and leave others to wither by studied disuse ; but they will always give it plenty of fresh air and sunshine ; and in the main they will leave the child to its own natural development.

And to one of the innate impulses with which every single child is by nature in some degree

endowed, parents will always give their utmost attention. Whatever else a child's disposition may be, he is naturally disposed to love. It is in the very nature of man, as man, to desire the sympathy and affection of his fellowmen. He is by his inherent nature a social animal. He as naturally throws out love as a leopard throws out spots. Every child is disposed, therefore, to love at least his mother. And this natural impulse to love it is the special duty of the mother to develop. By heredity, under a system which encourages marriage for love, the capacity of the child for loving should be great. And its inherent capacities and impulses in this direction should be fostered and tended, and wisely and gently directed to appropriate objects.

Love of parents, and of brothers and sisters, and the tender influence of home life, parents will therefore uphold as the most valuable thing in their children's whole education. They will, in the first place, *themselves* strive to win and deserve their children's love; and they will strongly encourage their children in their little friendships with other children, and incite them to grip on to the best with never-failing tenacity. They will drive into schoolboy natures the unrecognised truth that the very best things in all school life are the schoolboy friendships of

which so little account is usually taken, but which are among the most pure and beautiful things on earth ; though perhaps not so beautiful as those girl-friendships springing into women-friendships which are often so much more constant, more sustained, and more unselfish even than men's. Parents will see that their boys are hardened in all that should be hard, that they are inured to hardship and trained to fight and defend. All this is necessary for life. But the mother especially will see that all that should be tender shall be kept tender still, and will constantly foster in her children all those qualities which attract deep and warm affection.

Parents who are themselves united by the Great Love will also make their children realise the priceless value of their awakening passions. They will school their children to treasure these passions unsullied through all temptations—not as something dangerous but as precious beyond all compare. And they will impress upon their children that only on spotless purity can spiritual culture and all high achievement be based, that only in utter purity can the highest joy be founded when the supreme moment of life arrives. And in those fresh young days of early man- and woman-hood, when love comes welling up in white and holy fountains, they will not stifle

down but only seek to softly guide the sacred stream. And maturing men and women so brought up will be content with no less high standard of home when in their turn they come to marry. They will know what an ideal union and ideal home is. Their taste will be raised. Anything less perfect will be unpalatable to them, and so they will go on raising the standard of union, intensifying love, and cultivating the capacity of the race for love.

Love in the family spreads to the nation; and love in the nation spreads to all mankind. It is upon the strength of the home and the purity of *family life* that national progress and the progress of humanity in the last resort depends. The influence and sanctity of family life depend again upon the relations between husband and wife. And upon the woman especially rests the responsibility of making the perfect home and engendering rich flows of spirituality. If, then, to create a home and afterwards to healthfully and efficiently manage it; if to encourage marriage and prevent dissipation; if to facilitate the union of those who love and the disunion of those who do not; if to attain the ideal of one man for one woman and one woman for one man; women require political

equality with men, this would be a strong and, in my opinion, a sufficient reason for granting them equal rights. Their present indirect and irresponsible influence would then be turned into direct and responsible influence in those all-important affairs which concern themselves and their children.

Mothers might also be given a greater interest in the upbringing of their own children, and of children in general. The responsibility should not be entirely handed over to schoolmasters and mistresses. What a schoolmaster can teach is less important than the influence a mother can exercise. And women's influence, as a refining strain, should be made felt in education generally. Women who want scope in life over and above home work might well associate themselves in projects for the better bringing up of children and youth.

Children will then receive full justice and full scope for the development of all their possibilities. And then, as we see beauty spring forth from our flowers as soon as conditions for its development are made favourable, so also in our children and our children's children we will see love bursting forth when all the present hindrances are removed and the conditions for its outburst are made favourable. And then, indeed, will the future of the race be assured.

For all men and women to try and reach this high ideal at once and without regard to present circumstances will be not only useless but harmful. Not till human nature is more perfect can the ideal of liberated love be reached. But human nature is changing. Contact with races in varying degrees of civilisation impresses that. It does get more tender, sensitive, and sympathetic while still retaining and developing the tonic primal virtues. And as the process continues, what is impossible now *will* be possible when human nature has developed. Moreover, even *now*, in individual cases, the ideal may be realised, and light be thus afforded to guide the rest of us across the dim unknown. Most of us will have to do the spade-work of advance. But here and there a favoured spirit will bear aloft the noble standard or keep the holy fire glowing which will serve as guide and beacon for mankind to follow after.

A GLANCE FORWARD

We will, then, no longer place our faith in any Providence above ourselves and impotently strive to do its will. But we *will* strive with all our souls to obey the dictates of that impelling Spirit that is *within* us. We have that within us which is ever pressing towards perfection and which short of perfection will never rest. And to that inherent impulse we have ourselves to give shape and direction.

For this daring venture we must have the completest Knowledge, to enable us to master the conditions of our own existence ; and the most rigid Virtue, to fit us for responsibility. Thus equipped for Freedom, we can seek and see and make new Beauty ; release Love from all the fetters in which it is now tied and bound and stifled ; and aim straight at the one true goal we have fixed on—Homes founded on, built up by and beautified with Love.

Love enriched with Beauty will be the end of our endeavour. The Great Love, wherein each

will find his fullest expression and all will be most closely and intimately united together, will be our highest Ideal. But we shall only reach it *through* Truth and Virtue. And the *Motive Power* to press us forward and to sustain us when we flag we shall only find in that Holy Spirit which impels us all, and gives us that sense of oneness with the universe from which all future Religion will spring.

Then as, with shaded eyes, we stand here creening out into the future, through the hazy distance we will just discern our far successors. We ourselves are the creations of those unconscious barbarians of primitive days who little knew how greatly they were working as they forced a way for us through the oversetting darkness. But we will wittingly and knowingly strive for the production of a higher species of men, as superior to ourselves as we are to the crudest savages. We are wont to think that these supermen will be of some colossal type of master-mind. We think of great soldiers and explorers as of immense physical stature, though experience shows that they generally are smaller than the average. Likewise, we vaguely imagine that the higher men of the future must be intellectual giants. And we may indeed be sure that the great head and masterful

efficiency will always be a need of man. But we may also believe that the glowing heart and melting influence to thaw men and make life flow easily and naturally, will more and more predominate. The higher men and women, we may expect, will reach the truth by swift intuition rather than by slow and massive reasoning. They will not be men of iron—cold, hard, and inflexible ; but men of light and heat—imaginative, flowing, mobile. We may picture them as quickly and intensely expressive of every changing mood and phase ; now of pity and compassion ; now of overflowing joyousness ; now of righteous indignation ; now of compelling resolution ; often of exquisite appreciation of what is beautiful, and always of the tenderness of love. We may imagine them as having none of the fixity of expression of uncultured men, but of facile and impressible feature, reflecting each breath of emotion and each little tinge and shade of passing impulse. And they will lead not, as Nietzsche would have it, by stamping their wills on generations of men ; not by fixing a type once for all, and forcing men by millions into the self-same mould ; but by ensuring for each individual the freedom necessary to fulfil his own propelling needs.

Life will then be broader, deeper, quicker ;

with wider and wider horizons; deeper and deeper intensity of feeling; and greater and greater rapidity of motion. And the steadying purpose which will run through the whole will itself be an increasing purpose.

Then, generations hence, when the strong soldiers and statesmen have done the rough axe-work of humanity and hewn a way by which the more sensitive natures may safely emerge; when the men of science have made the conditions of material life more facile; when the great thinkers have purged the thoughts of men of clogging superstitions and fettering traditions; when we have given up the habit of incessantly looking without rather than *within*; when instead of looking to the outside sun for energy we seek it in the radium within the earth; and instead of regarding the environment as what determines the destinies of living things we look upon heredity and their inherent inherited natures as the chief determining factor; when instead of expecting the schoolmaster to mould our children into chosen types we simply aid the children to unfold their own inborn natures; and instead of relying on an external Providence to support and guide us we look to the spirit that impels us from within—when the whole life and art of men, their music and their poetry, their

hymns and prayers, are saturated with the faith of man in himself and with his confidence in the future of the race—then, may be, a pure God-Child will arise, more perfect even than Jesus. Intuitively he—or perhaps she—will see into the innermost core of things, and with winning simplicity appeal to the very hearts of men. And the language he may use may not be the spoken word nor the written — possibly not even the language of poetry. But it may be the universal language of music, which all the world can understand, and which can communicate directly soul with soul, and say things which no words can speak nor no letters write. With the hot glow of Love this divinely-human Being will transfigure all the sordidness of life; make life's beauty shine forth in untarnished radiance; and send a note of poignant sweetness singing through the souls of men.

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